



NBA JAM* CLEAR & PRESENT DANGER

CRACKED

\$1.95
\$2.50
CANADA/
FOREIGN

#296
JAN. '95



WE PHASE OUT
STAR TREK
GENERATIONS!



SEVERIN

WE SUCK!
48 PAGES OF BITING HUMOR!

CRACKED
MONSTER PARTY

#97
SPRING '95

\$1.75
\$9.95
CANADA/
FOREIGN



BONUS:
COLOR
FRANKENSTEIN
POSTER!



**INTERVIEW WITH
THE VAMPIRE**

**ON SALE NOW AT A NEWSSTAND
OR BLOOD BANK NEAR YOU!**

JAN. '95 #296

JOHN SEVERIN—front cover
BRIAN GLASS/GARY FIELDS—inside cover
MISSY WHEATTHINS/BRUCE BOLINGER—back cover

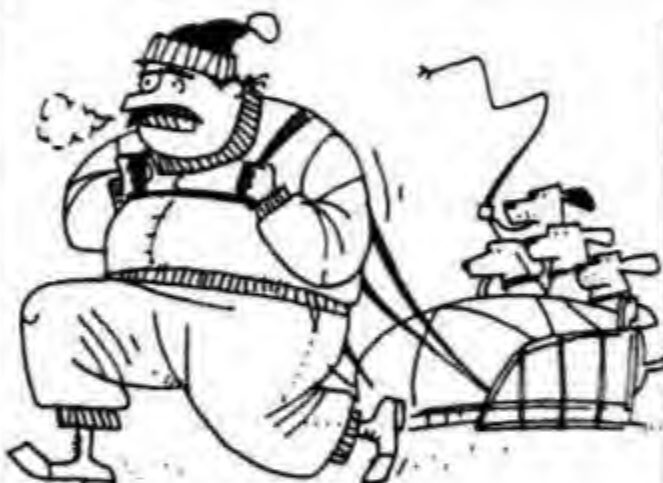
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE
last mate



B A C K

SO, WHAT'S THE CALL?

During a recent Iditarod race in Alaska, sled "A's" owner insisted on a salary cap for his team, cutting Milkbones rations from four-a-day to two-a-day.



The dogs agreed but on one condition—they no longer would pull the sled.
SO, WHAT'S THE CALL?
Is this a legal formation?

According to rule 09125-6***9/3(b) 3-D(c)(c)B3S/F47 of the Iditarod rulebook: "Anything to make this incredibly boring sport more interesting is legal."



HIGH SCHOOL CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Young Procrastinators Club has been rescheduled from 3:00 to sometime later.

Guys who Have Been Rejected by Angie Wilson meeting has been changed to the lecture hall to accomodate new members. Topic: Angie's new boyfriend.

The Indifference Club meeting is cancelled due to lack of interest.

Mystery Fans meeting is somewhere on campus at a certain time.

The Positive Outlook Society will meet in the broom closet at 3:45.

The Weak Bladder Group will celebrate the creation of Depends Undergarments on Friday. Bathroom breaks every five minutes.

On November 19 celebrate Embarrassingly Low SAT Score Day

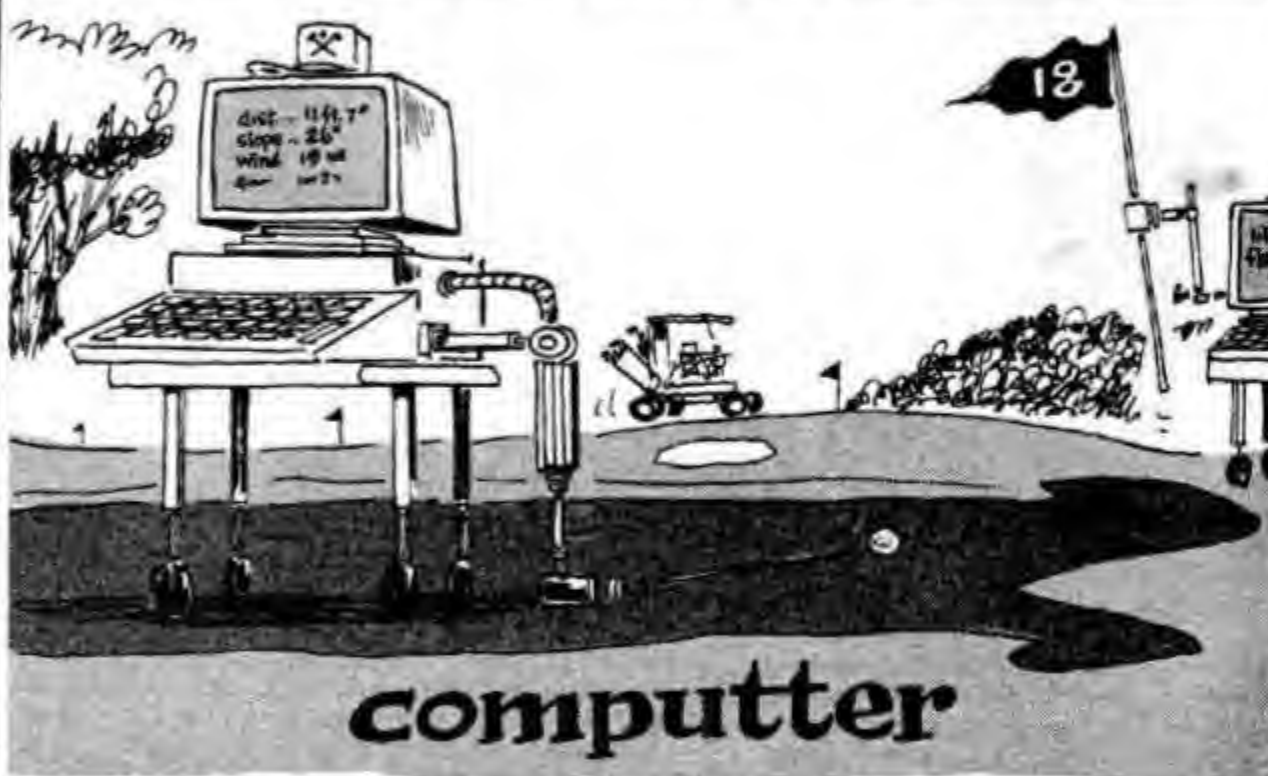
I received my grade for the SAT's,
It really was a crusher.
But now it's done, I guess it's fate,
To go to my grave a dishwasher



9 Reasons why Disney Never Made Sequels to These Hit Films

Beauty and the Beast	Belle is serving time for bestiality
Lady and the Tramp	They broke up when Lady turned out to be a tramp
Jungle Book	The cast is now extinct
The Great Mouse Detective	The cast was accidentally left in the same room with the Aristo-cats
The Aristo-cats	The cast was left in the same room with the 101 Dalmations
Fox and Hound	Rabies
Pinnochio	Termites
Alice in Wonderland	Alice was busted for possession of magic mushrooms
Three Caballeros	Donald turned in his two co-stars for being illegal immigrants

VIERING OFF by Jed Vier



RETURN TO SENDER

Dear Cracked,

You make one wrong turn and the next exit is 30 gigabytes away!

Computer Nerd
Lost on the Information
Highway

Dear Cracked,

Today's menu is: Cream of Lint, Beaver Broth, Chunky Chicken Beak and Bean'n' Lung.

Cookie
Your school Cafeteria

Dear Cracked,

We're in the library. It's really quiet. A pretty girl is walking over here. Time to fart!

Your butt
Trying to embarrass you

Dear Cracked,

There is only one good child left. He is Timmy Anderson of Norfolk, Virginia, and he's getting all the toys next year.

Santa Claus
The North Pole

Dear Cracked,

I kissed her passionately, running my hands along her creamy, white flesh, caressing her...oh. Sorry. I thought this was *Penthouse*.

A. Loner
Just Making This Up

Dear Cracked,

I see something...Yes! I see you...You're reading...reading something...Reading a magazine!

LaToya Jackson
The Psychic Pals Hotline

Dear Cracked,

Does Mike Ricigliano have some sort of grudge against John Severin? I've seen his Sabs do everything from insulting Severin's work to tracking mud all over it. Why is this?

Freddy Bexborn
Ft. Pierce, FL

Dear Freddy,

How observant. Yes, it's true. John and Mike have loathed one another for some time now, ever since they were roommates at the Gleeful Hills sanitarium. It seems that John used to do this thing with his teeth...well, that's not important.

—the eds.

New on CBS



Contestant Sandy Beechiz faces the toughest decision of her life on CBS's new game show, *Win A Date With An Inmate*.

OZ & NS by T. Colon

BEER MARKETING BY PEOPLE WHO JUST DON'T GET IT



CARTON OF BEER



BEERCICLE



BEER & PRETZEL MUG



FRENCH BEER



BEER IN A BLANKET



FREEZE-DRIED BEER



BEER DRIVE-IN



MR. BLUBBERWORTH'S

The voyagers of the Starship Enterprize TNG boldly go where the original Star Trek voyagers have gone before, to multiplexes across the universe to seek out megabucks at the box office in...



STAR WRECK

DEGENERATIONS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN





I'd be honored if you'd sit in the Captain's chair and gave the order to get underway.

Take it out.

Sir, we're getting a distress call.

That figures. I never should have let Quirk sit in that chair.



This is the transport ship Latka, we're caught in an energy distortion and we can't break free...BZZZ...GACKKKK

Aye, the old "bzzz gackkkk" distress call. It seems a wee bit like old times, Captain.

Warp speed, move within transporter range and beam those people aboard.



That gravimetric distortion could tear us apart.

Captain, risk is part of the game if you want to sit in this chair. But the rewards are worth it—a long running TV show, movies, books, toys, trading cards...



I've managed to beam 2 survivors aboard.

Yo, I'm Guinerd, your ageless bartender. I'm here for comic relief.

I'm Dr. Serutan, I'm ageless, too. You won't see me again for 78 years and I won't look a day older.

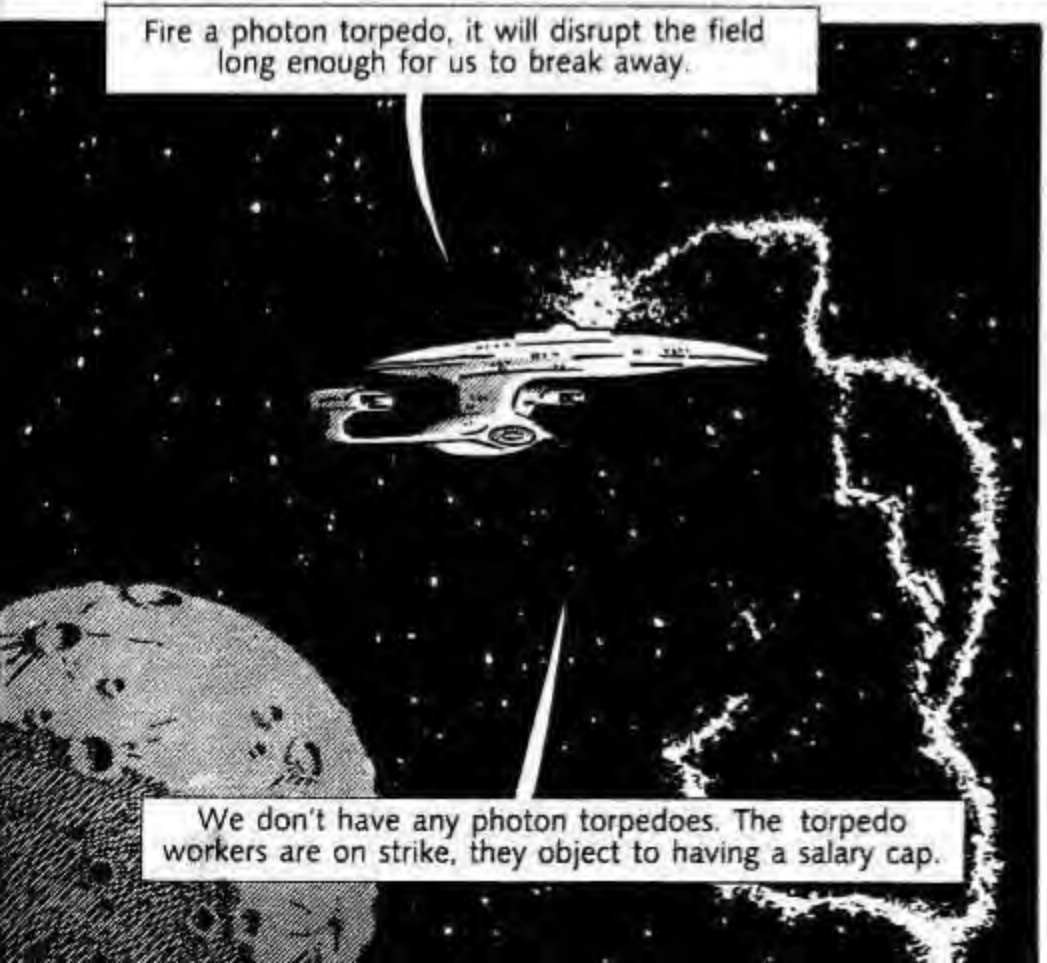


Hull integrity failing, engine not responding.

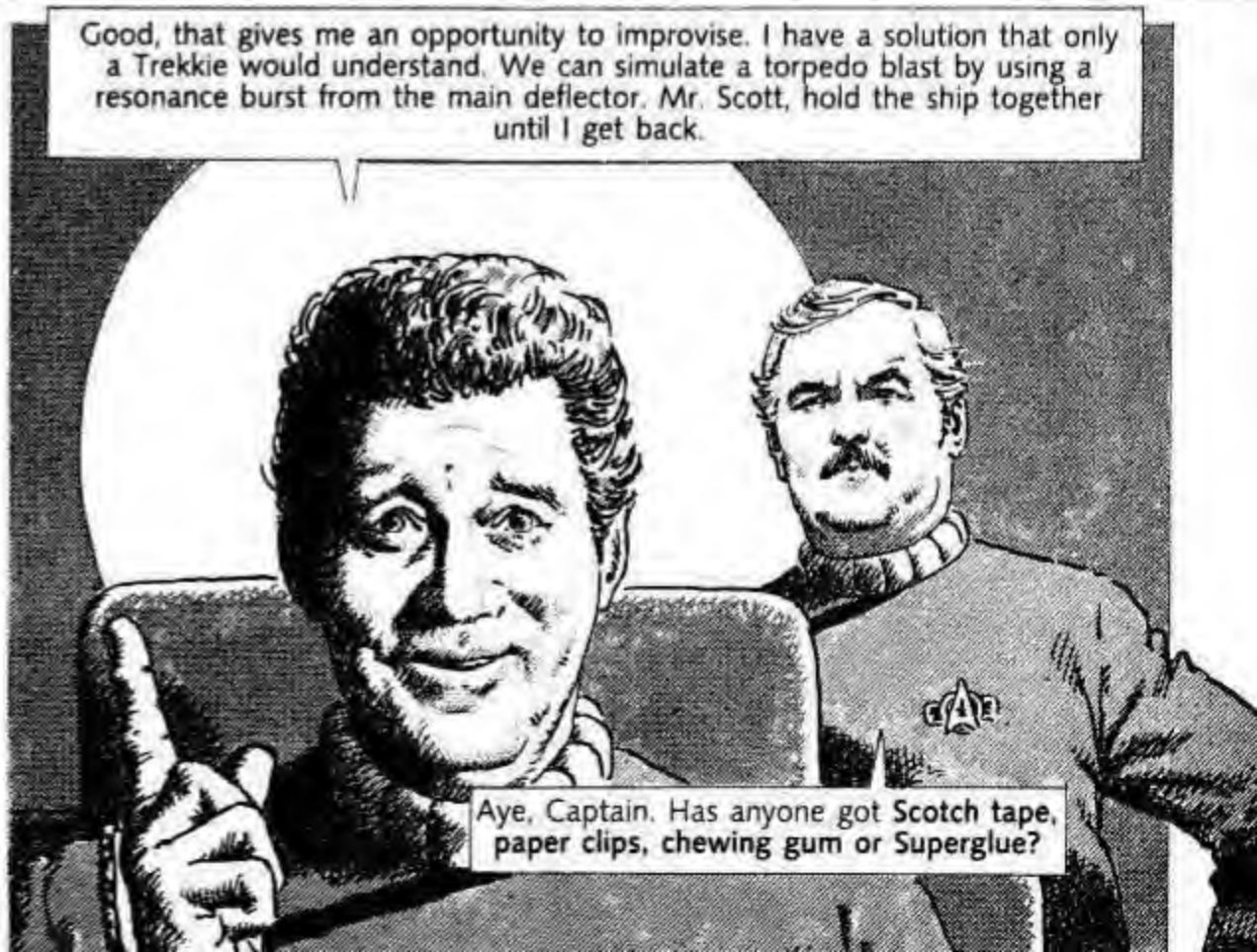
Inertia dampers failing, the rear defogger is out, the windshield wipers are malfunctioning, the coffee-maker isn't working...

I don't want to die on my first mission.

Relax, I've cheated death 176 times, not counting reruns.



Fire a photon torpedo, it will disrupt the field long enough for us to break away.



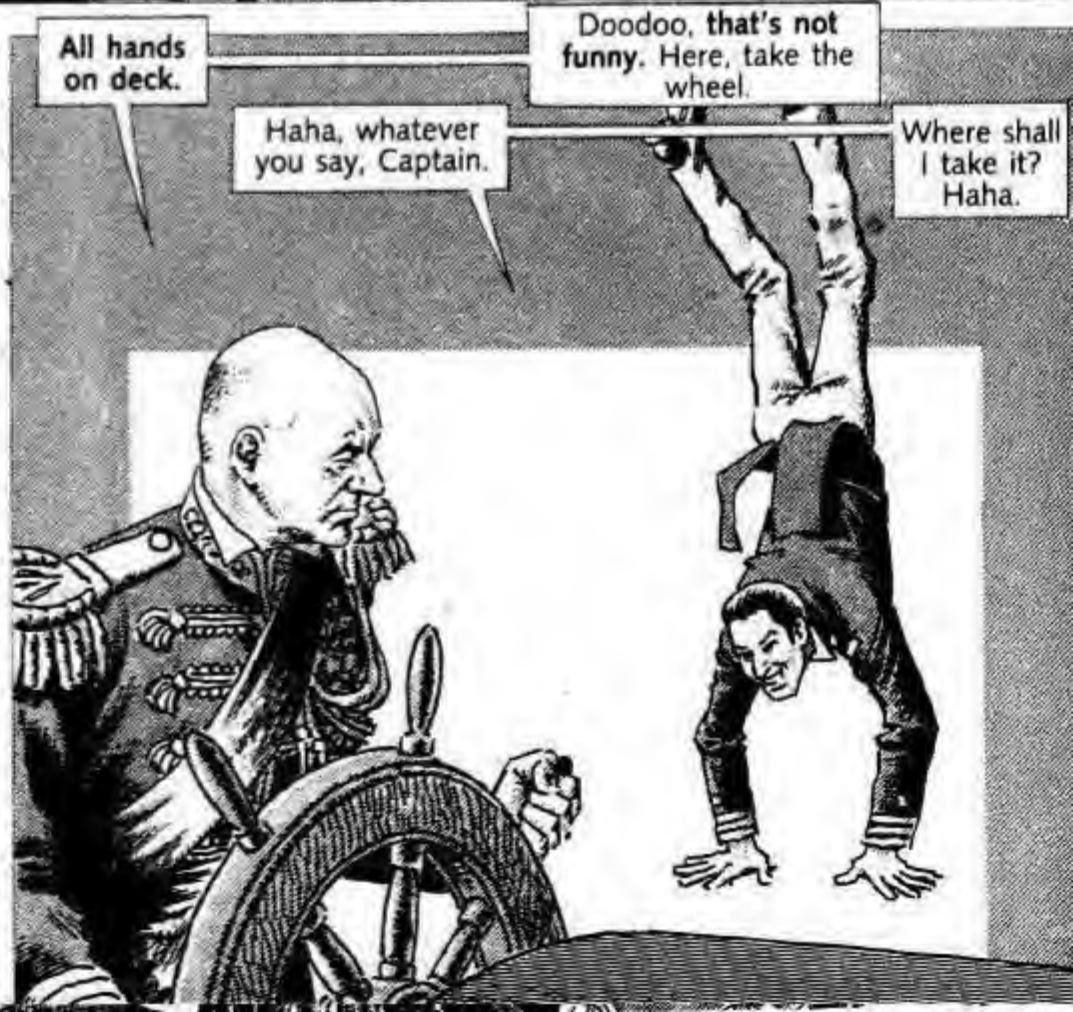
Good, that gives me an opportunity to improvise. I have a solution that only a Trekkie would understand. We can simulate a torpedo blast by using a resonance burst from the main deflector. Mr. Scott, hold the ship together until I get back.

We don't have any photon torpedoes. The torpedo workers are on strike, they object to having a salary cap.

Aye, Captain. Has anyone got Scotch tape, paper clips, chewing gum or Superglue?



78 years later. (No, this isn't a road company version of HMS Pinafore. It's a party celebrating the promotion of Mr. Barf.)



The sensor shows signs of life aboard the station.

Number One, take a party and investigate. **Make it so.**

So what, Captain? Sew buttons? Sow seeds? I got it, so long, haha.

If I find out who activated Doodoo's humor chip, I'll have him drawn and quartered.

Captain, is something wrong?

I just received word that my brother and his son were killed.

But I thought that would make you happy since you hated them.

I did, but now there are no more Discards to carry on the family tradition. A Discard was General Custer's advisor at Little Big Horn. A Discard was in charge at the Alamo. A Discard planned the Bay of Pigs. A Discard was in command at Pearl Harbor. I'm the last of the Discards.

Perhaps it's just as well, Captain.

The Amapola Observatory.

This is the work of the Klingons.

I resent that.

Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you.

Klingons would never do a sloppy job like this and leave survivors!

Hi, remember me?

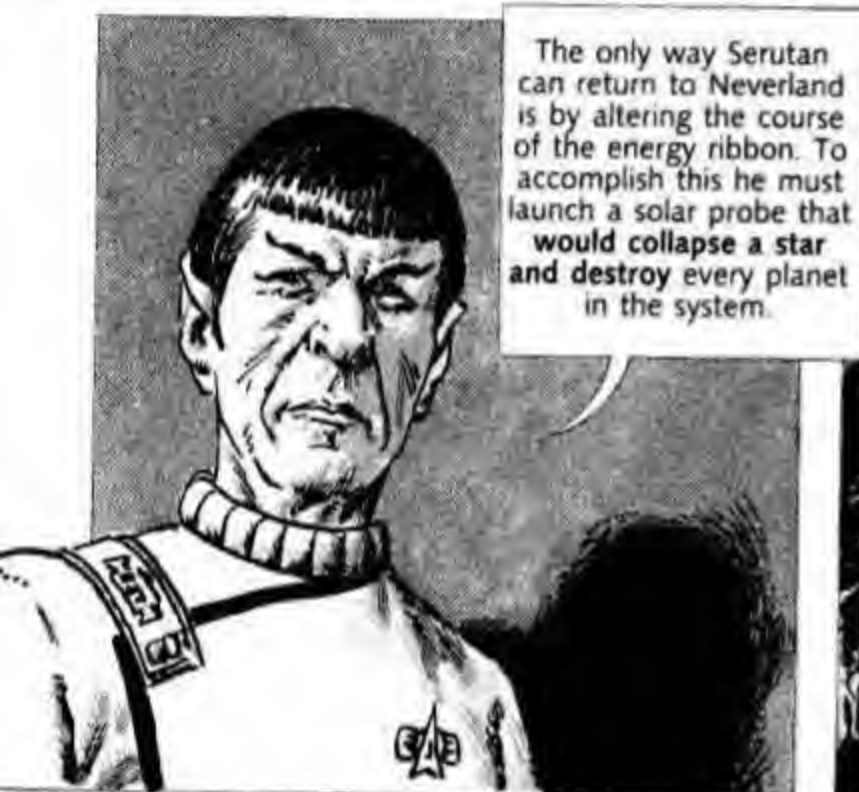
A guy walks into a bar and orders a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The bartender says, 'What's that?' Guy says, 'One drink and you're a new man,' Haha.

Why are you hitting me, he's the one telling the lousy jokes.

I am not supposed to be here but the editors asked me to try and make some logical sense out of an illogical, senseless plot. The survivors were taken back to the Exitprize. Doodoo and La Fudge, accompanied by Dr. Serutan, returned to the Observatory.



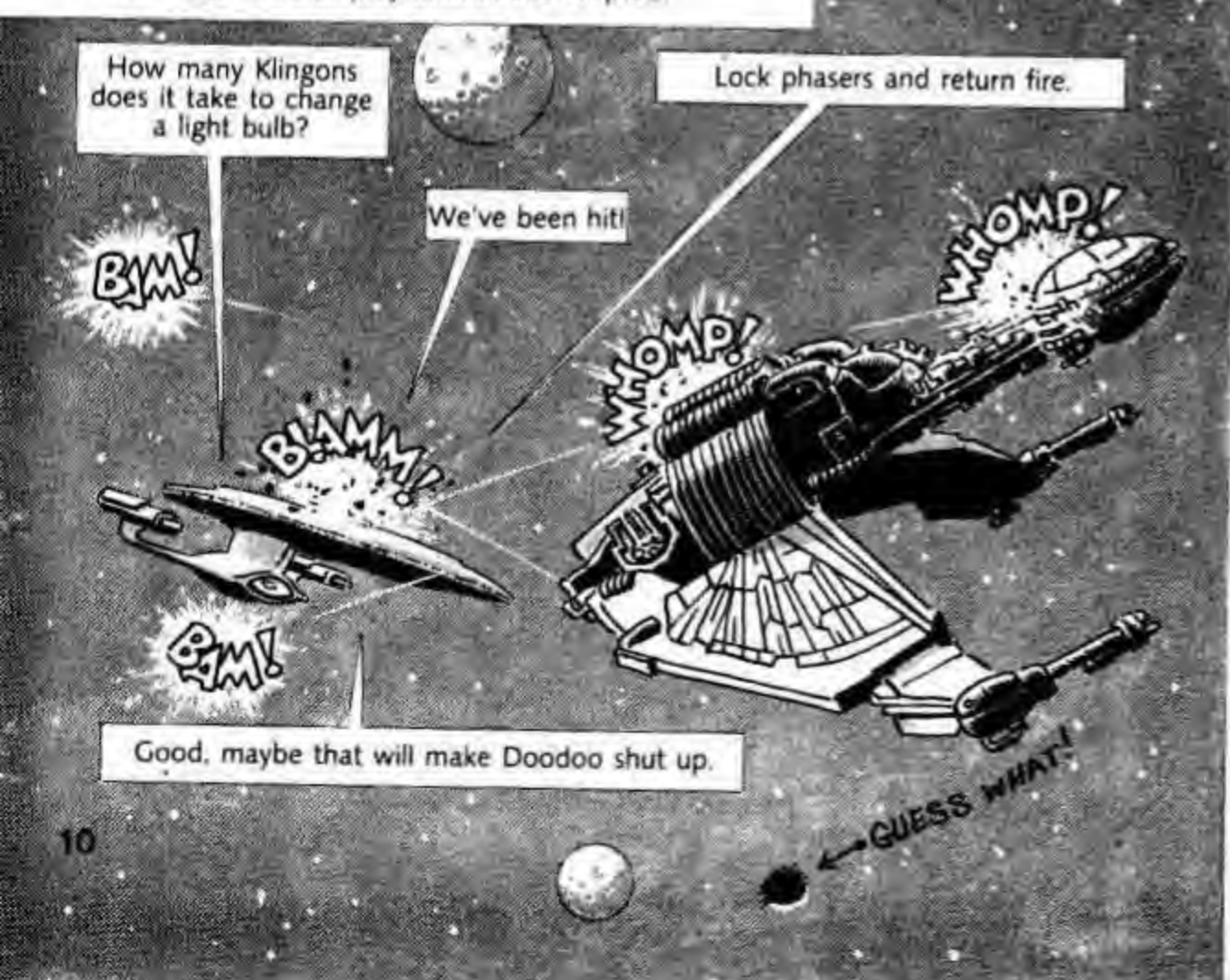
Back on the Exitprize.



"Discard talked the Doo Wopp girls into a prisoner exchange. The Doo Wopp sisters planted a secret camera in La Fudge's body to spy on the Exitprize."



"The Klingon bird of prey attacks the Exitprize."



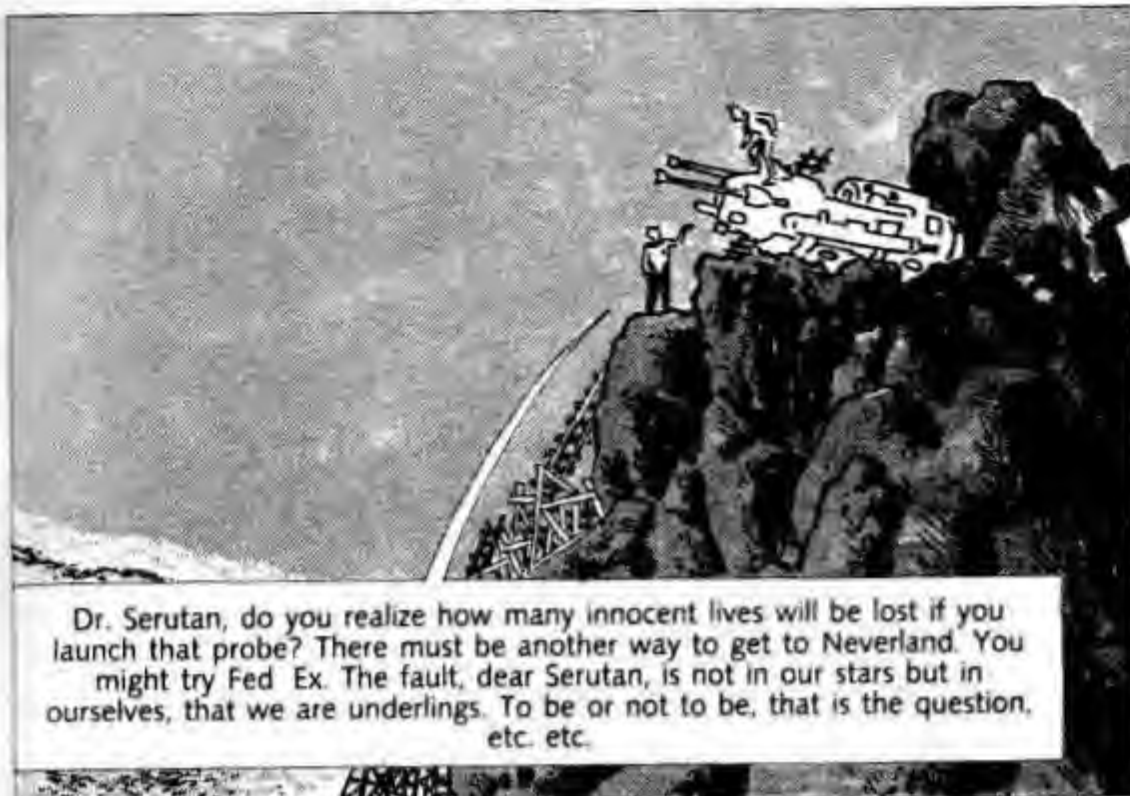
"The Klingon ship was destroyed and the mortally wounded Exitprize crashed in a rain forest."



"Captain Discard has been beamed to a mountain top where he confronts Serutan who is about to launch a solar probe."

"Discard's long, boring speech causes Serutan to fall asleep and he accidentally launches the probe. YAWNNN."

What occurs next can't even be explained by a Vulcan. Therefore, I am bailing out. Beam me aboard, Mr. Scott.



Dr. Serutan, do you realize how many innocent lives will be lost if you launch that probe? There must be another way to get to Neverland. You might try Fed Ex. The fault, dear Serutan, is not in our stars but in ourselves, that we are underlings. To be or not to be, that is the question, etc. etc.



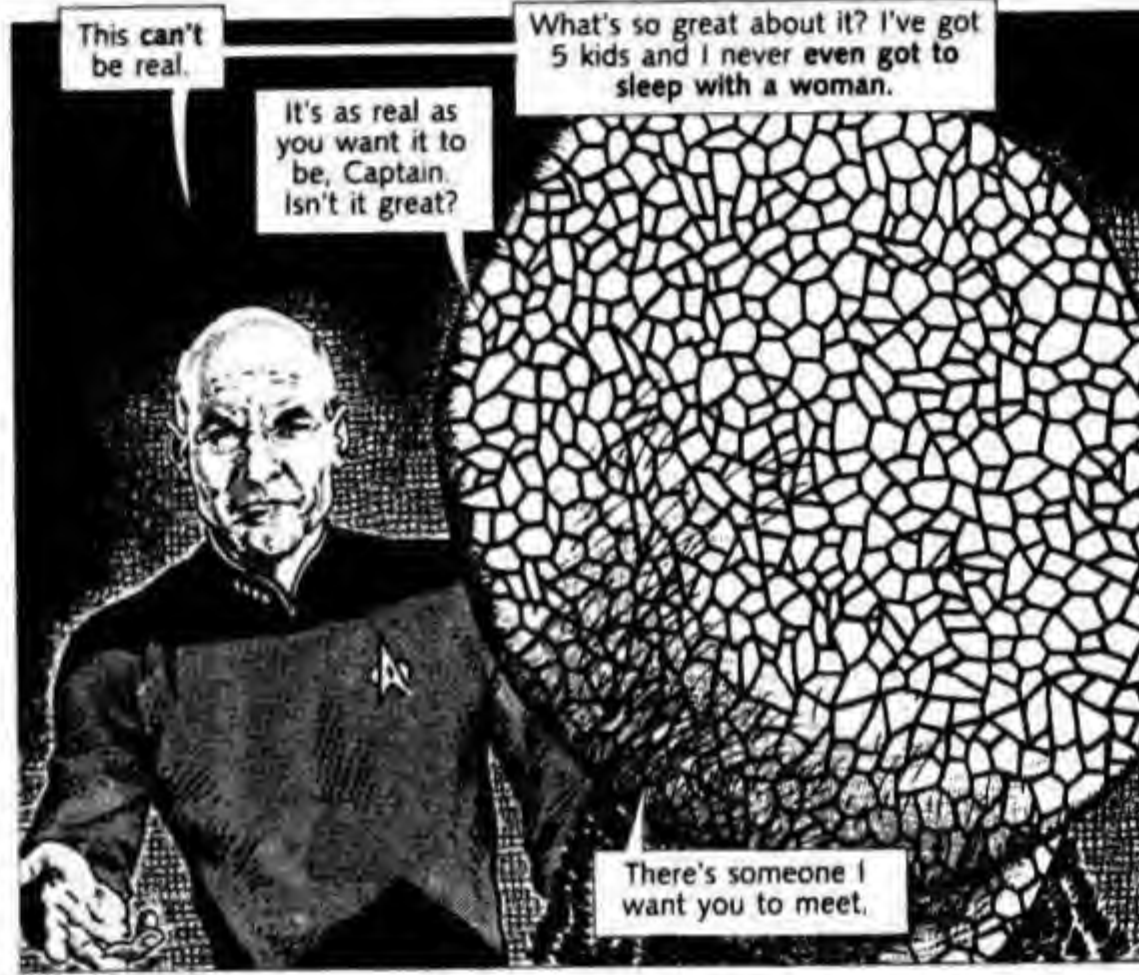
Where am I?

You're home, papa.

God bless us everyone.

This can't be. I was never married and never had children.

Welcome to Neverland, Captain.



This can't be real.

It's as real as you want it to be, Captain. Isn't it great?

What's so great about it? I've got 5 kids and I never even got to sleep with a woman.

There's someone I want you to meet.

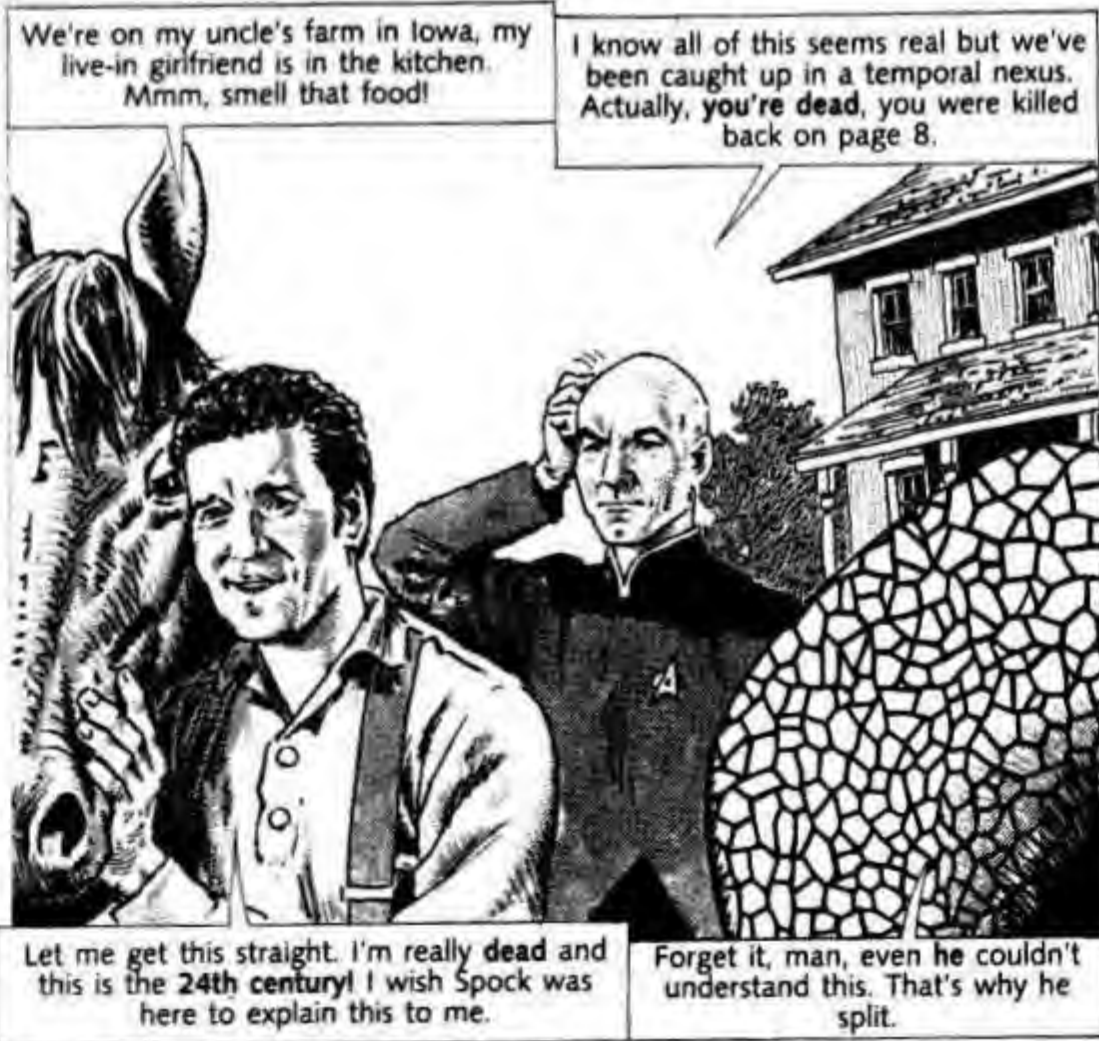


Meet Captain Quirk.

I'm Captain Discard. I'm from the future.

How can this be the future when this is the past? This is my dog, Jake, he died 7 years ago.

Yeah, like don't you think it's time to bury that sucker?

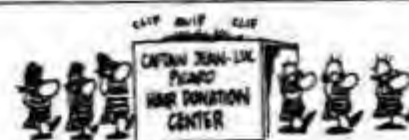


We're on my uncle's farm in Iowa, my live-in girlfriend is in the kitchen. Mmm, smell that food!

I know all of this seems real but we've been caught up in a temporal nexus. Actually, you're dead, you were killed back on page 8.

Let me get this straight. I'm really dead and this is the 24th century! I wish Spock was here to explain this to me.

Forget it, man, even he couldn't understand this. That's why he split.



You have to come with me and stop Serutan from destroying a star. We'll save millions of lives. Even though you're officially dead, you're still a Star Fleet officer. It's your duty.

What will happen if I go with you?

"You will fight Dr. Serutan while I shut down the launcher."

Oooff!

Uhm, let's see, which button do I push?

"Unfortunately, you will be killed but the probe will be stopped. We will have made a difference."

Okay, I get the crap kicked out of me and then I'm killed. This time I'm dead for good, right?

Correct and I'll go back to being a Star Fleet Commander until I retire to the Star Fleet nursing home, where I'll sit around with a bunch of senile veterans.

Three—one to hold the bulb, two to turn the ladder, hah.

CAPTAIN
QUIRK

What the hell, are we both nuts?
We're staying right here.

I have 5 kids, who's to say I
can't have 5 more?

Way to go, Captain.

SUNSET
THIS WAY

And so Quirk and Discard went boldly forth to where no man had gone before, back to the future, or maybe it was forward to the past. Anyway, they lived happily ever after.

TH'END

DRAWN BY
BRUCE 'LA DE DA' BOLINGER

- to the tune of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star"

SWEET PITS

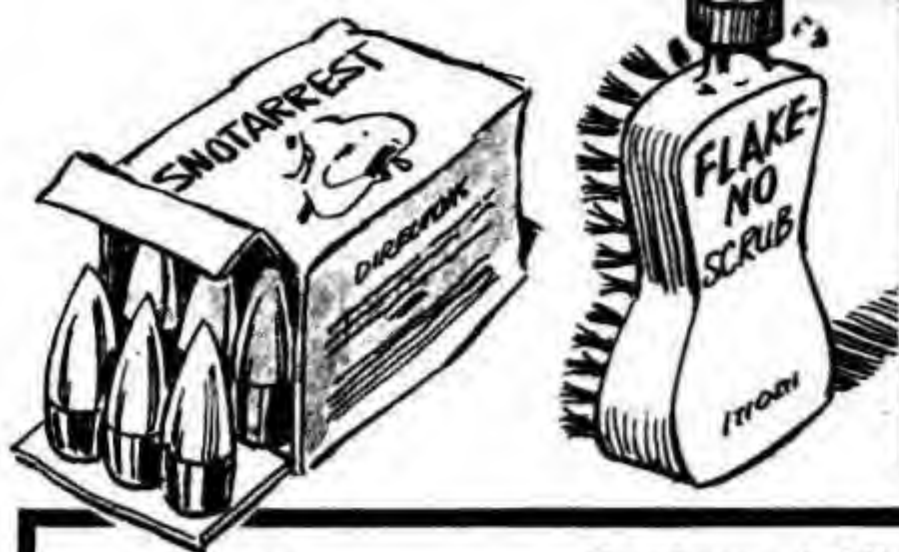
1

**EXPRESS
LANE**

**BUTT
PLUG**

- to the tune of "Jingle Bells" -

Butt Plug mugs methane slugs shooting from your butt
No more blasts of noxious gas that smell like you-know-what
Booty cheek's nasty leaks won't disrupt the breeze
Have no fears, you'll cause no tears when **you** next cut the cheese.



Flake-No Scrub Dandruff Shampoo

- to the tune of "Old McDonald" -

Dandruff boulders falling down, tumbling from your scalp
 Penguins follow you around. Pal, you need some help!
 Using Flake-No Scrub you can wash that crud
 This a-way, that a-way, rinsing all the chunks away
 Dandruff boulders won't fall down. Flake-No saves the day!

Snotarrest Allergy Remedy

- to the tune of "This Old Man" -

Snotarrest works the best, puts that pollen to the test
 It'll keep your mucous where it ought to be, up your nose and off your sleeve!
 Nostril milk won't exude, no more sliming in your food
 Now the spew stays in instead of shooting out, ruining your girlfriend's blouse!



Roidaway Hemorrhoid Cream

- to the tune of "Let It Snow" -

If your tushy is raw and crusty, and the odor's kinda musty
 Put some sunshine in your day - Roidaway, Roidaway, Roidaway!
 If your friends are too demanding, asking why you're always standing
 Try a dab and then you'll say - "Roidaway, Roidaway, Roidaway"!



Comfy Crotch Jock Itch Powder

- to the tune of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" -

Scratch, scratch, scratch your groin. Lord, when will it stop?
Erase the chafe and ditch the itch by using Comfy Crotch
Hap, hap, happy guy leaping all about
Comfy Crotch will cool your jewels and put the fire out!



DRUG-MOR PHARMACY



Colon Clump Anti-Diarrhea Medicine

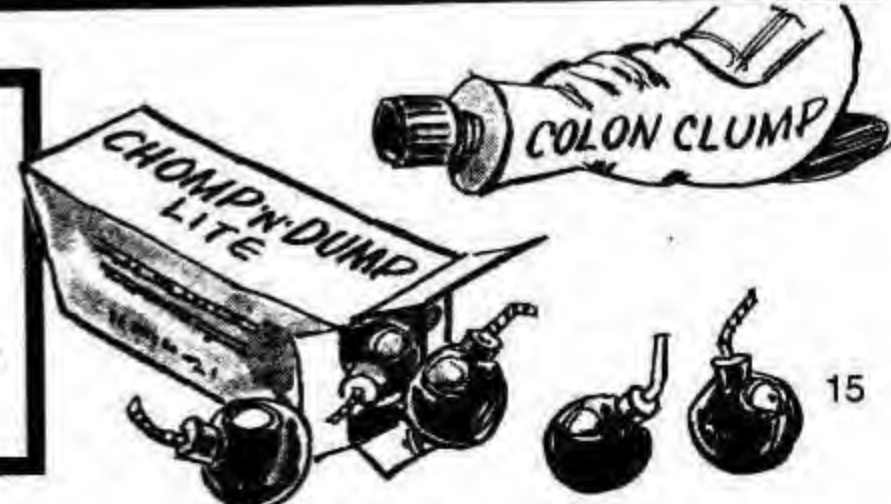
- to the tune of "Have You Seen A Lassie (Go This Way And That Way)" -

There's no need for whining when you're grimy in the hiney
There's no need for whining 'cause Colon Clump clogs.
There's no need for bumming when you're runny in the tummy
There's no need for bumming 'cause drips turn to logs.
It stops all the boo-hoo if your doo-doo's like Yoo-Hoo
There's no need for whining 'cause Colon Clump clogs!

Chomp 'n' Dump Laxative Snax

- to the tune of "She'll Be Comin' 'Round The Mountain" -

There'll be rumblin' in your rectum comin' soon
There'll be rumblin' in your rectum - clear the room
Chomp 'n' Dump will share the glory of your fecal inventory
With a rumblin' in your rectum comin' soon!





TROY ECCHMAN
Loose End Dallas Cowguts

First to be required to wear a facemask—even when he wasn't playing... Grilled-cheese features enabled ball to stick to him, and so he rarely fumbled.



"L.T."- LAGOON THING
Lineblecher N.Y. Giant Ants

Vicious pass-rusher who emerged from a murky swamp. Upon retirement, was cut up and made into McFish sandwiches for post-game meals.

ELROY "CRAZYTENTACLES" HIRSCH

Octoback L.A. Screams

Most difficult player to arm-tackle in the entire MFL... Had Gatorade dumped on him, 1959. Lived in Gatorade, 1960-1969.



HALL



JOE WILLIE BEHEMOTH
threequarterback N.Y. Jeckylls

League's only 50 ft. high quarterback. Used goalposts as a toothpick. Had least passes deflected, 1959-1971. Bad knees forced him to fall over and wipe out his entire team (and the cheerleaders) in 1976.



O.J. SLIMESON
Crawling back Buffalo Shriills

His 2,003 yards set a standard for blob-forms in this league. Incurred most 15-yard penalties for slashing in history of MFL. (and always escaped in a white Ford Bronco)



"THE "PURPLE-P"
defensive line

Famed Defensive Line who ate the famed Minnesota Vi



FORREST HUMP
hunchback San Francisco Six-Foot Unders

Freak experiment in 1963 left him with Forrest Gump's running legs and brain. Led league in touchdowns and in smacking self in head, 1964.



DICK BLOODKUS
Linedracula Chicago Scares

Sucked blood out of every Scares player, 1963-1972... Led team in unassisted tackles, 1963-1972.



BART SCARR
Quartered-Up Back Green Bay Packulas

36 parts of him have made all-pro (44 parts of him haven't). Will retire next year when stitches are removed and he falls apart.



FRANCOSTEIN HARRIS
Gruntback Pittsburgh Steel

League's greatest breakaway runner (Whenever defense grabbed a part of him, it just broke away) Spiked ball with teeth (arms and legs already ripped off) 1963.



RED BRAINGE
split head Washington Deadskins

Known as the "Galloping Ghoul", he set records for most passes caught with vital organs exposed, 1974.



WARREN "FULL" MOON
wolfback, Houston Gargoyles

Led league in shaving endorsements, 1984-85. Most effective during Monday Night Football Games.



GREEN JOE MEAN
tackle Pittsburgh Steelrods

Single-handedly won Super Bowl XI when he ate 2 referees with his team down by 21 (3rd referee saved self by awarding Steelrods the win).



"ATER"-EATERS"
Minnesota Frightenings
Minnesota Frightenings, the line of the



MIKE DEADKA

Deadend Chicago Scares

First player to use a stiff-arm (Some other player's stiff arm - after Deadka ripped it out of its socket and rigamortis set in)



JOHNNY UNITED

offense/defense Baltimore Bolts

Greatest 2-way player of his day... Could immediately start heading in the opposite direction without turning around.



LOU "THE TOES" GROSSA

facekicker Cleveland Bones

Malignant growth of toes all over body made Grossa the league's premier kicker. could nail 50-yard field goals with any part of his body while clipping toenails on any other part...



EYE A. TITTLE

Punter N.Y. Giant Ants

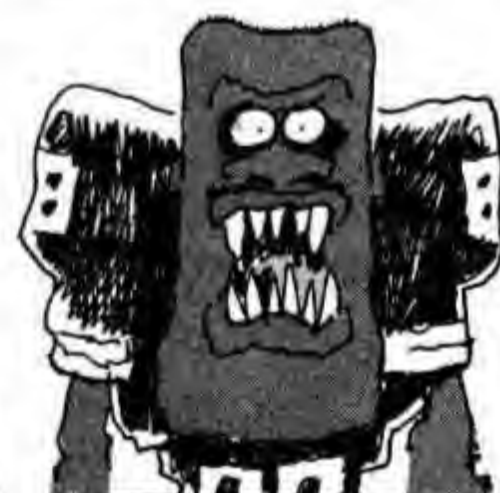
Had a famous football formation (the "Eye" Formation) named after him. Probably greatest Cyclops ever to play the game.



ROGER SKULLBACK

Coronerback Dallas Cowguts

Pulled out many games by actually rising right out of the ground and taking opponent by surprise. Weighed 24 pounds, small for a football player.



"BIG ZOMBIE" LIPSCOMB

Defensive Corpse Cincinnati Benghouls

Voted MFL's greatest non-living player, 1949, and showed up at ceremonies to accept the honor... Featured on Monday Night of the Living Dead Football.

THE WATER SKIER

WRITER:
ROB WESKE

ARTIST:
DON OREHEK

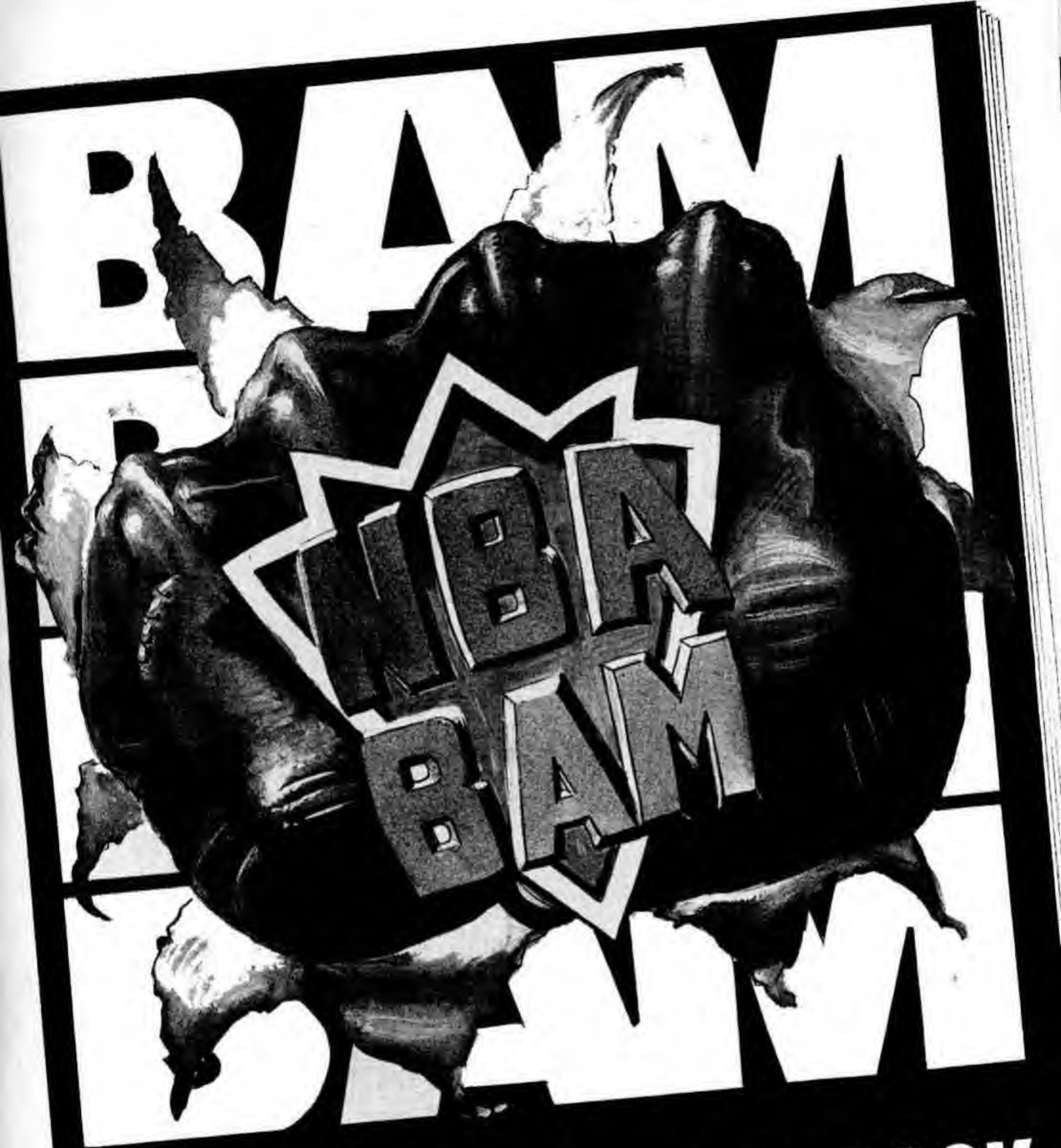


CHAMP!

CRUNCH

AAAAGAH!!





THE NBA BAM RULEBOOK

Writer: Steve Strangio

Artist: Rurik Tyler

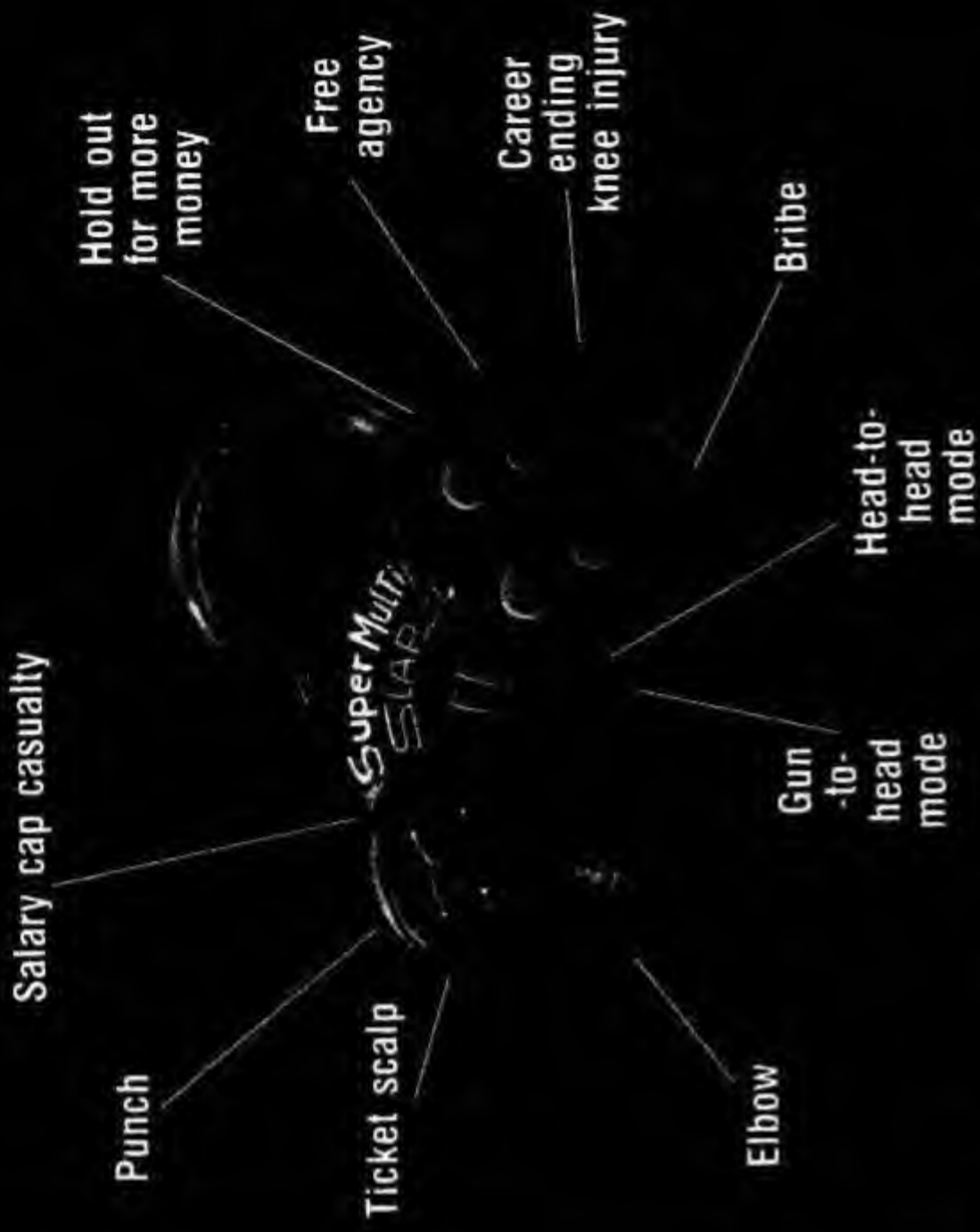




Go to the hole. Go strong. Get rough. Get tough. Get killed. Slam it in the hole. Ram it in the nose. Kick it in the groin. You're on fire! Shatter the glass! Destroy the court! Blow up the entire arena!!! Get in your car! Kill pedestrians! Go to a mall! Strangle shoppers! AUUGHH!!! (Huff-puff...*wheeze*) DESTROY!!! SMASH!!! THIS IS NBA BAM!

All of the hard-hitting hardwood action is here, along with death-defying maneuvers, spleen-shattering defense, head-exploding offense, and total bloody pandemonium! You'll get high body-count, new features like "missing limb mode," and you'll enjoy playing alongside superstars who were too violent for the NBA!

LET'S BAM!!!



Drone Difficulty: Allows you to select how smart your computer opponents are on a scale of 1 (low) to 5 (high).



Example of 1

Example of 5

To begin playing NBA BAM, select either the HEAD-TO-HEAD or GUN-TO-HEAD mode from the controller.

There are many different positions to NBA BAM. Players number 1 and 2 are teammates, and 3 and 4 are on the other team. Players 1 and 3 are teammates, and 2 and 4 oppose them. If 3 and 2 can't get along, and 4 and 1 irritate each other, then 2 can make fun of 4 and 1 can give a wedgie to 3. If 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 can't do anything right, then the entire crowd gets to kick the crap out of them.

*Use the RIOT MODE for this option.



Pressing the "A, E, I, O, U" (and sometimes "Y") buttons, while licking the right-diagonal on the control pad, switches which of the teammates the player controls.



Pressing the X, Y, or Z buttons, tapping "diagonal-down-left", "up", four times, "diagonal-down-right", 46 times while rubbing peanut butter in your hair, chooses the amount of innocent bystanders who will be killed during the game.



Pressing the W button does absolutely nothing, so don't press it...stupid.



The object of the game is to beat your opponents to a bloody pulp while outscoring them. A 24-second shotgun clock is in effect...shoot for a basket within that time and nobody gets hurt! Rip off your opponent's head for extra points!



If a player scores three baskets in a row, he is "ON FIRE!" The player now has unlimited turbo and extensive third degree burns.



STEAL/DESTROY: When your team does not have the ball tapping button "B" once causes your player to swipe at the ball. Tapping twice punches the opposing player in the eye. Tapping it three times kicks him in the gut, tapping it four times knocks him in the head with a chair. Tapping it five times runs him over with a Buick. And tapping it six times blows him up with a nuclear warhead.



SPECIAL FEATURE: Tapping TURBO several thousand times quickly causes your finger to swell-up, blister and crack open in a putrid gush of goop! GO FOR IT!!!



Pressing the TURBO-BOOST button near the basket allows you to go for a MEGA-JAM! This will shatter the backboard and several

<div> <div>OFFENSIVE CONTROLS</div> </div>			
TAP BUTTON	HOLD BUTTON (EVEN VIDEO GAME CONTROLS LIKE TO CUDDLE)	TENDERLY KISS BUTTON & TELL IT THAT YOU LOVE IT.	
PASS/BLUDGEON WITH PIPE	HEAD FAKE	HEAD TRIP	HEAD FOR THE HILLS
SHOOT/SLASH WILDLY WITH SWITCH-BLADE	PASS BALL	PASS THE POTATOES	PASS GAS
PLAY TUBA (SOLD SEPARATELY)	THROW ELBOWS	THROW TANTRUM	THROW GAME

<div> <div>DEFENSIVE CONTROLS</div> </div>			
LICK BUTTON	TAKE BUTTON TO CHEAP MOTEL	MARRY BUTTON IN SMALL CEREMONY	
SHOOT/DISMEMBER	MOCK	WEAR FROCK	
PASS/CANNIBALIZE	STEAL	STEAL SECOND	STEEL-CAGE MATCH
BATHE IN TUB	RUN FAST	RUN YOUR MOUTH	RUN TO YOUR MOMMA

JAMS

The NBA Jam!



The Jam Jam!



The Rock Jam!



The Traffic Jam!

Player Attributes — Pick your teams based on the players' abilities:



PATRICK EWING

JOHN STARKS

Trash Talk

Sucker Punching

Chokeage

Pouting

SO YOU WANNA BE A

THE THING ABOUT BLUES SINGERS IS... THEY'RE ALWAYS SINGIN' THE BLUES...
"MAH BABY DUMPED ME"... "MAH DOG BIT ME"... "MAH ALLERGIES STARTED ACTING UP"...

IF YOUR LIFE SUCKS, DON'T GET SAD, BECOME A BLUES SINGER. JUST GET A HARMONICA,
USE IT TO HIT YOURSELF TILL YOU MAKE A DISFIGURING SCAR, THEN CHOOSE A NAME FROM
THE LIST BELOW (ANY COMBINATION OF A, B AND C)



A

LONELY

ONE-EYED

BLIND

DEAF

BAD

TRICK-KNEED

BUTT-NOSED

WEAK-BLADDERED

PREMATURELY BALDING

GIMP-LEGGED

PUS-OOZING

KITTEN-BRAINED

WEB-TOED

FEMALE-REPELLIN'

CAR-SICK

BLOOD-SPITTIN'

NEAR-DEAD



BLUES SINGER

SORROWFUL SCRIPTER -- LAMENTABLE **LENORE SKENAZY** AGONIZED ARTIST -- PITIFUL **PETE FITZGERALD**

B

CATFISH

TENNESSEE

BLACK

GLUM

BUBBA

DADDY

SONNY

LEMON

KING

ICEBOX

CHAIN-GANG

DETOX

CHICAGO

RASPBERRY

DELTA

BABY

MOANIN'



C

SAM

JOE

WILLIE

BILLIE

CARTER

LOUIS

LUTHER

JAMES

BROWN

WASHINGTON

JEFFERSON

HAMILTON

LEE

CARVER

JOHNNY

WALKER

RED

I GOT THE
NO-SPIN-TO SABBOTAGE--
WHAT DO I DO WITH THIS
CREAM PIE BLUES

SPIES AND SABBS

HIT
AN

WE'RE HIJACKING
THE HIJACKER!

AIRPORT TERMINAL

WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

ARRIVALS

FLIGHT	DENVER	ON TIME
826	AKRON	LATE
131	CLEVELAND	NOT EVEN CLOSE
137	PARIS	SET UP TENT
1947	PITTSBURGH	TOMORROW, MAYBE
934	LOS ANGELES	ENDED UP IN KANSAS
044	ORLANDO	DECIDED TO STAY
711		RATHER THAN COME UP NORTH + FREEZE BUTT.

MORTAL KOMBAT SCORES

HIGH SCORE	SCORE
MJR	35005
TED	29995
SABBY	29118
PILOT	29000
STEWARDS	19975

DEPARTURES

FLIGHT	DENVER	ON TIME
802	CHARLOTTE	HAH!
313	MEMPHIS	WE'LL LEAVE WHEN WE'RE GOOD AND READY!
819	DETROIT	YOU DON'T REALLY WANT TO GO HERE, DO YOU?
974	HOUSTON	WALKING THERE WOULD BE FASTER

FROM NEW YORK YOU'LL
BE FLOWN TO MIAMI,
THEN REROUTED TO
SAN FRANCISCO, THEN TO
TOKYO, TRANSFER TO
BUFFALO, THEN TO
HONOLULU, REROUTED TO
IRAQ, THEN ON TO
YOUR DESTINATION...

BUT WE JUST
WANTED TO GO
TO CHICAGO!!

ENTERPRISE, FLIGHT 266
DEPARTING AT GATE 16
FOR KLINGON...

AWA! STOW
IN THE LUG

AIR
SABOTEUR

BAGGAGE
CLAIM

FLIGHT
486

NICE
SHIRTS!

COFFEE? TEA? OR MILK?

FREQUENT
FRYER

HMM...
PERFECTLY
GOOD
TOOTHBRUSH!

I CAN USE
THESE
SOCKS!

SHIP THESE
RANDOMLY SELECTED
SUITCASES TO
EGYPT

FED UP
EXPRESS
TURKEYS
ACROSS
AMERICA

ARRIVALS →
DEPARTURES ↑
HANGING OUT ↓

FREQUENT FLYER TELETHON

2879000

THAT'S RIGHT! SEND IN
YOUR FREQUENT FLYER MILES
IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE - US!

PRRING

AWKWARD MOMENTS FOR LIMBS TO FALL OFF

Writer: Ricky Sprague

Artist: Gray Morrow

MEETING YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S PARENTS



IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROBBERY ATTEMPT



DURING THE STATE OF THE UNION ADDRESS



DURING A DANCE RECITAL



People seem to be paying an awful lot of attention to the way they feel and look these days. Obviously, advertisers are going to take advantage of that...and so will we with...

CRACKED HEALTH AND BEAUTY ADS

WRITER: STEVE STRANGIO ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

JIFFY FOOT

Don't got time for that pesky podiatry visit?

JIFFY FOOT is at your service!

Our trained footcare mechanics know their way around your terrific tootsies!



Special services include:

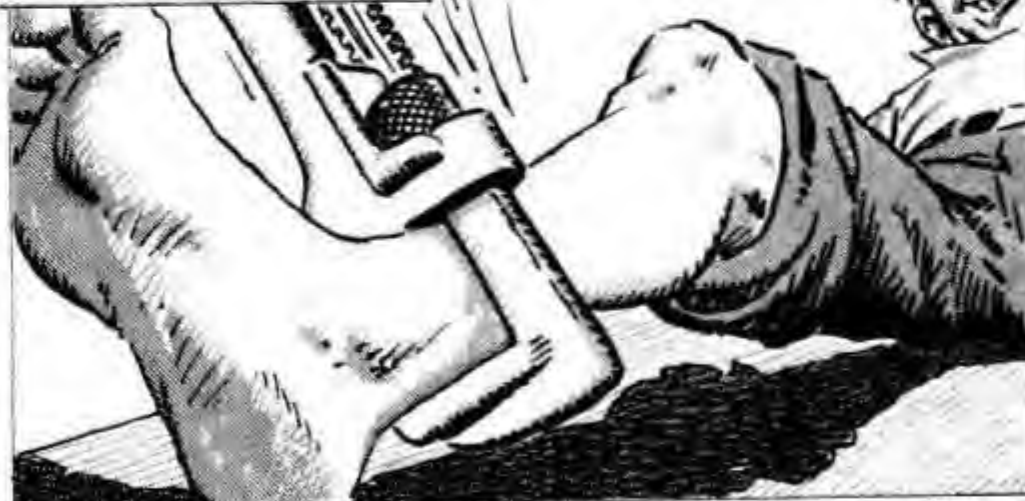
Toenails hot wax



Callous buff



Ankle realignment



Heel detailing



*Mention this ad and receive FREE
TOEJAM REMOVAL!

HOOF IT DOWN TO JIFFY FOOT!

**THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN LIFE YOU
JUST CAN'T CHANGE. YOUR ATTITUDE
USED TO BE ONE OF THEM.**



It used to be that if you were an annoying snot and everyone wished that you would just fall into a hole and die, you had to live with that. Thankfully, those days are over.

Today, correcting your attitude is a surgical possibility. We can:

- Nip and tuck your disposition
- Use laser surgery to alter your point of view
- And perform a specialized open change of heart operation

The choice is yours. Give a call to one of our tolerant operators for a free consultation.

Change that attitude and change your life!

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT SURGERY

Do it now, before someone punches you.

MUSCLEHEDZ WORK OUT OR WE'LL HURT YOU!

We know your type. You join a health club and never take it seriously...

Don't feel like working out? TOO BAD!!!!



Our staff of trained INTIMIDATORS will make sure that your workout will reach its MAXIMUM POTENTIAL!!!

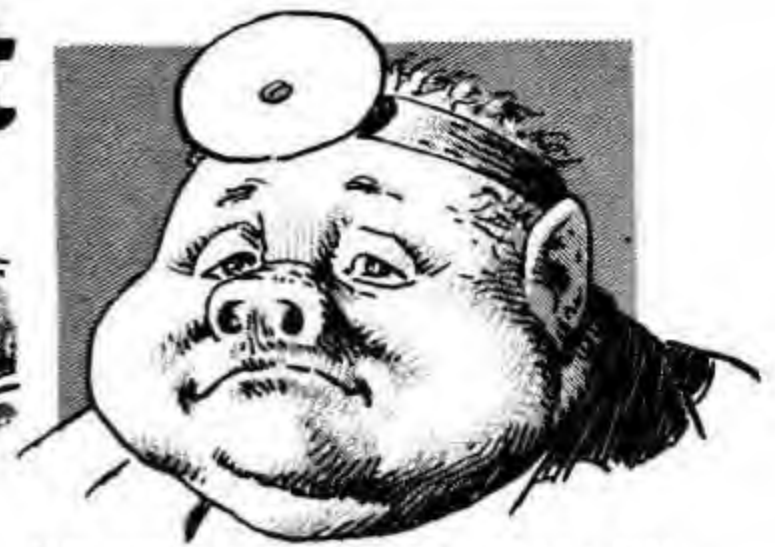
THE MUSCLEHEDZ GUARANTEE: After one week, if you find an easier health club, one that lets you do whatever you want....

WE'LL BLOW IT UP!!!!

**MUSCLEHEDZ
INTIMIDATION, PAIN, AGONY, FUN!!!**

Find us or WE'LL FIND YOU!!!

Dr. Porcine's Diet



"EAT ALL YOU WANT
AND ENJOY EVERY
BITE!"

Introducing new PIG-OUT frozen meals! This is the largest prepared dinner that you can buy. It contains twice the fat, three times the cholesterol, and ALL OF THE FLAVOR! You've tried all of those so-called, large portion "healthy frozen foods" and they NEVER satisfied you, right? FORGET HEALTH! Eat like a pig and ENJOY it!

Enjoy such meals as...
**MEATLOAF MEDLEY,
PILES O'PORK, and
HUSKY HAMBURGER
PLATTER!**



PIG-OUT frozen meals! All you need is a shovel and a dream.

SPACKLE BOYZ

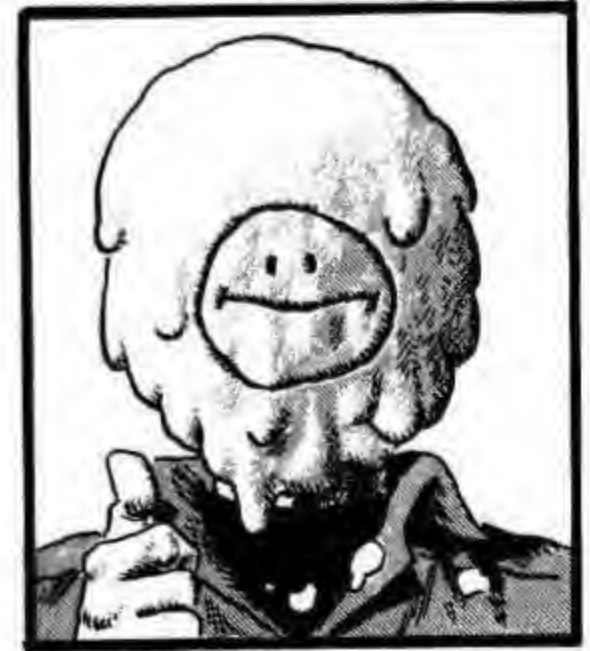
"Ain't No Crater Too Big To Fill"

Sick and tired of being called "CREVICE HEAD", "PIZZA PUSS", "THE AMAZING SPONGE MUTANT"?

Let us take care of all your scraggly skin needs!



BEFORE....



AFTER!



*Free follow-up care for up to 1 year or until your face falls off!

SHRINK IN A BOX

OVER 53 BILLION SHRUNK

I'D LIKE 1 **BIG GUILT**, 2 ORDERS OF **THE SHAKES**, AND SOME "WHY ME" FRIES.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY OUR NEW **DENIALRITOS** WITH CHEESE?

NO, I DON'T NEED THOSE

ARE YOU JUST SAYING THAT OR DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT...?



MY DOG LEFT ME FOR ANOTHER OWNER.

WE'LL SOOTHE YOUR PSYCHE IN UNDER 60 SECONDS OR YOUR THERAPY IS FREE
*PSYCHOTICS NOT INCLUDED



DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY VISIT
Buy 1 get 1 free



*Valid in major crises only. 1 coupon per whacked out family. Not to be combined with other whacked out families. Straightjacket optional. Offer expires when it darn well pleases to.

THIS HOLIDAY SEASON... DON'T BE SHOPPING-MAULED!!!



GIVE A **CRACKED SUBSCRIPTION**; SAVE MONEY
AND GET FREE CRACKED STUFF!

WE'LL EVEN SEND A HOLIDAY GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT **BLAMING YOU!**

1 WITH A 3-YEAR
SUBSCRIPTION, YOU
GET A **FREE**
CRACKED T-SHIRT!
PLUS, YOU SAVE
\$17.88 OFF THE
NEWSSTAND PRICE!

2 WITH A 2-YEAR
SUBSCRIPTION, YOU
GET A **FREE SET OF**
12 CRACKED
MONSTER
WRESTLING CARDS!
PLUS, YOU SAVE \$10.33!

3 WITH A 1-YEAR
SUBSCRIPTION, YOU
SAVE 15% (**WOW!**)
DON'T BE A
SCROOGE: GO FOR
ONE OF THE OTHER
OFFERS.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTION FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE

(G296)

MAIL TO: CRACKED SUBS, P.O. BOX 114
ROUSES POINT, NY 12979-0114

- ☐ 3 YEARS FOR \$34.77 (27T)
- ☐ 2 YEARS FOR \$24.77 (18W)
- ☐ 1 YEAR FOR \$14.77 (9)
- ☐ CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____ AGE _____

Outside USA (including Canada): \$19.75 for 1 year, \$35.75 for 2 years, \$49.75 for 3 years, payable in U.S. Funds by International Money Order or check drawn on U.S. Bank. Please allow 8-10 weeks for processing.

GIFT FROM _____

FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE EVEN MORE—YOURSELF

(C296)

MAIL TO: CRACKED SUBS, P.O. BOX 114
ROUSES POINT, NY 12979-0114

- ☐ 3 YEARS FOR \$34.77 (27T)
- ☐ 2 YEARS FOR \$24.77 (18W)
- ☐ 1 YEAR FOR \$14.77 (9)
- ☐ CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____ AGE _____

Outside USA (including Canada): \$19.75 for 1 year, \$35.75 for 2 years, \$49.75 for 3 years, payable in U.S. Funds by International Money Order or check drawn on U.S. Bank. Please allow 8-10 weeks for processing.

Some Americans want the USA to take up the role of policeman to the world and get involved in every crisis from Haiti to Bosnia. But these are far from being the only trouble spots, which makes us wonder what listening to the global police scanner for just a single day might be like...

WRITER: DAN BIRTCHER ARTIST: GARY FIELDS

IF AMERICA REAL



1:32am: Arrest 3 Canadian boys for using BB guns to shoot out the Northern Lights.

5:17pm: Arrest Old Man Winter for again exposing self to Eskimo kids.

10:12am: Charge Greenland with impersonating an important land mass.

9:54am: Investigate Mother Nature's charge that scientists are stalking her.

11:32pm: Assist local sheriff in apprehending Old Man River, who just kept rolling along through road block despite having tires shot out.

4:40am: Arrest man for shooting Opportunity when it knocked on his door in the middle of the night without properly identifying itself.

11:09pm: Check on reports of a whale making obscene noises to passing females with his blow hole.

7:08pm: Investigate quack doctor trying to peddle fake cure to Tropic of Cancer.



8:09am: Charge the Seven Seas cartel with attempting to illegally corner the water market.

12:30pm: Explain to yet another group of school children the dangers of stuffing gum or glue in the Panama Canal's locks.



3:39pm: Cite meteorite for failing to slow down upon entering a school zone.

9:17am: Check reports of a tuna trying to smuggle a swordfish past metal detector & into his school.



5:13am: Fine Jack Frost for nipping at more than noses.



7:19pm: Investigate complaints that Nessie is continuing to pollute Loch Ness with bubble bath despite repeated warnings.



11:05pm: Guard the pot o' gold at the end of the rainbow until the power comes back on and the alarm system is back on line.

2:15pm: File missing report on...



3:02am: Check reports of penguins using polar ice cap to cool illegal home brew.

LY WAS POLICEMAN TO THE WORLD!



4:03pm: Infiltrate gang of leprechauns suspected of tunneling into hospitals and stealing growth hormone.



3:59pm: Assist paramedics rushing to respond to Russian economy's "I've fallen and I can't get up!" alarm.



7:17am: Cite Japan for repeated failure to keep Godzilla on a leash.



1:19pm: Check reports that Greece is using the Olympic torch to illegally incinerate hazardous waste.



6:02am: Resume search for the missing Great Floor and Great Ceiling which go with China's Great Wall.

1:pm: Investigate river's charges that geographers have slandered it by calling it Yellow.



8:30am: Continue investigation into charges that the Japanese prime minister is secretly harboring a perverted yen.

8:01pm: Remind spots-wearing leopards of the new ban on wearing gang colors/attire.



5:23pm Write up report on India-Asia continental drift fender-bender.

continent
antis.



6:47pm: Investigate restaurateur's allegation that a cannibal went back repeatedly to his all-you-can-eat torso bar after choosing the single-trip option.

4:49pm: Continue surveillance of those big game hunters in Africa suspected of shooting the bull out of season.

7:09pm: Check reports of a platypus on a shooting spree after evolution again denied it a promotion to full mammal.

12:37pm: Check reports of Earth's only satellite mooning Australia.



5:09am: Cite the Phillipines for rattling its island chains in the middle of the night.

4:55pm: Give Earth breatholizer test after seeing it wobble on its axis.

THE FORREST GUMP SCRAPBOOK

WRITTEN BY: MIKE MIKULA

ART: RANDY JONES



HERE I AM WITH PRESIDENT KENNEDY REASSURING HIM HOW LOVELY DALLAS IS IN NOVEMBER AND HOW HE SHOULD DEFINITELY RIDE IN AN OPEN CAR SO HE CAN ENJOY THE SUNSHINE.



THE BASEBALL OWNERS WERE MOST AGREEABLE ABOUT MY SUGGESTION TO PUT A CAP ON SALARIES. "HECK," I SAID. "YOU'RE THE OWNERS. THE PLAYERS WOULD CERTAINLY UNDERSTAND."



HERE I AM IN ALASKA ON THE EXXON VALDEZ. BOY, THAT CAPTAIN HAZELWOOD AND BOURBON ARE LIKE PEAS AND CARROTS!



HERE I AM CONSOLING JOHN HINCKLEY. I TOLD HIM JODIE FOSTER WILL NEVER CARE ABOUT HIM UNTIL HE GETS SOME ATTENTION. I TOLD HIM THE TIMES I GOT MOST ATTENTION WAS WHEN I APPEARED ON TELEVISION WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



HERE I AM AFTER THE 1968 CALIFORNIA PRIMARY SHOWING SEN. ROBERT KENNEDY THIS NEAT SHORTCUT I FOUND THROUGH THE KITCHEN.



HERE I AM AFTER I CONVINCED MICHAEL JORDAN TO GIVE UP BASKETBALL FOR THAT EASY SPORT, BASEBALL. AFTER ALL, BASEBALL IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES. IF YOU GET ONE HIT IN THREE TIMES AT BAT YOU'RE DOING WELL.



HERE I AM WITH THAT FUNNY SEN. PACKWOOD. HE MUST GO OUT WITH A DIFFERENT GIRL EVERYDAY! I TOLD HIM IT'S SO INTERESTING HE SHOULD WRITE IT ALL DOWN IN A DIARY THEN SHARE IT WITH THE PRESS. THEY MIGHT ENJOY IT, TOO.



THIS IS WHEN I HAD THAT FUN JOB AT THE SUICIDE PREVENTION HOTLINE. I GOT TO MEET MANY INTERESTING FOLKS. EVEN SOME FAMOUS ONES, TOO, LIKE KURT COBAIN.

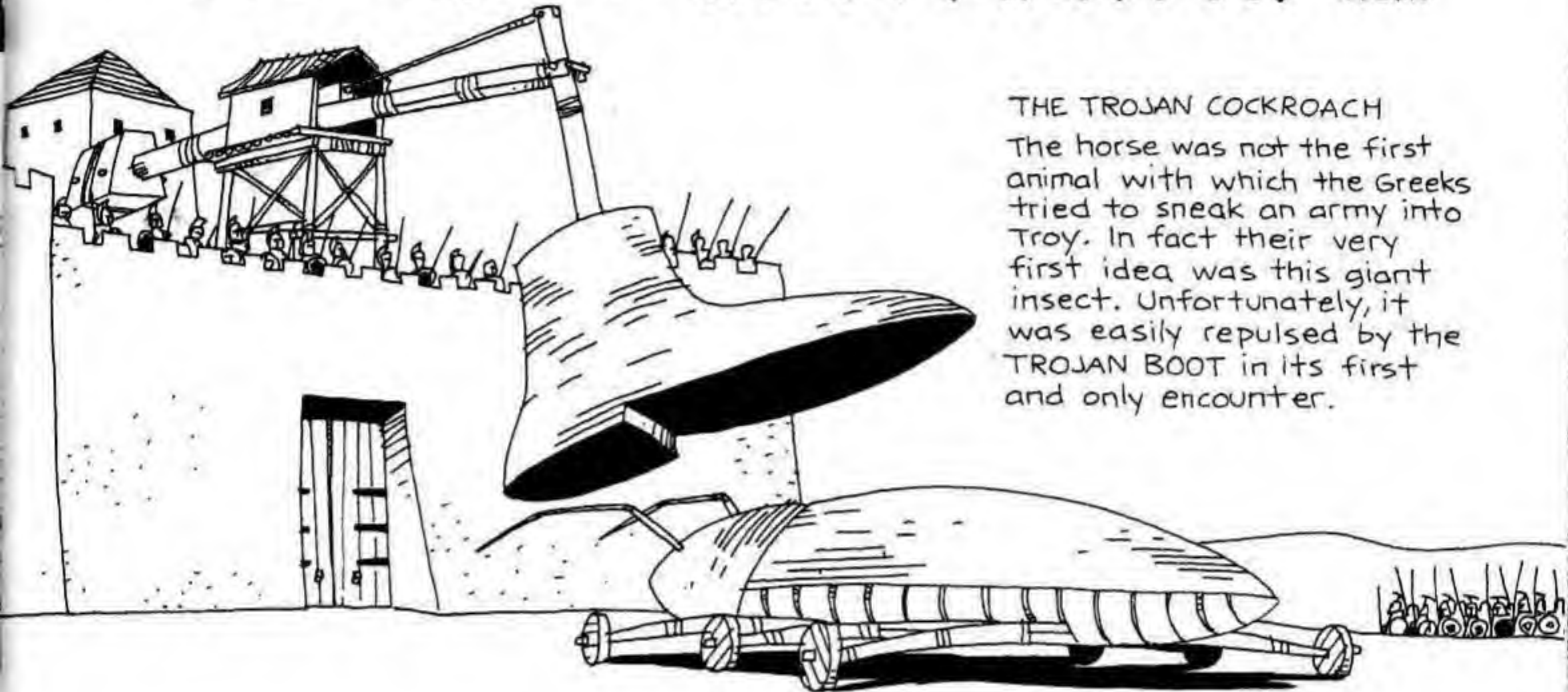
MORE HORRORS FROM THE CRACKED PEN OF DON OREHEK



Every schoolboy knows the story of the fall of Troy by means of ancient stealth technology, i.e., the Trojan Horse. Less well known, however, is the development of the horse itself. Here then are...

TROJAN HORSE DESIGNS THAT DIDN'T QVITE MAKE IT.

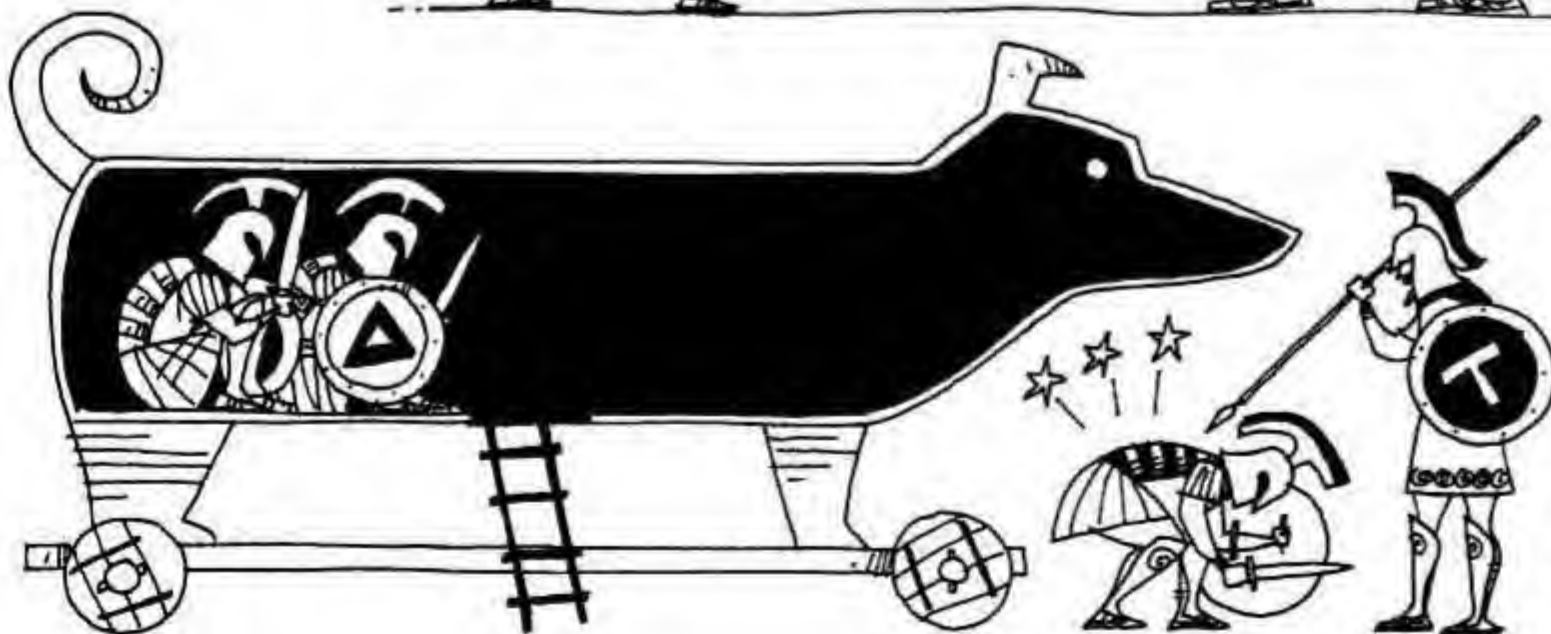
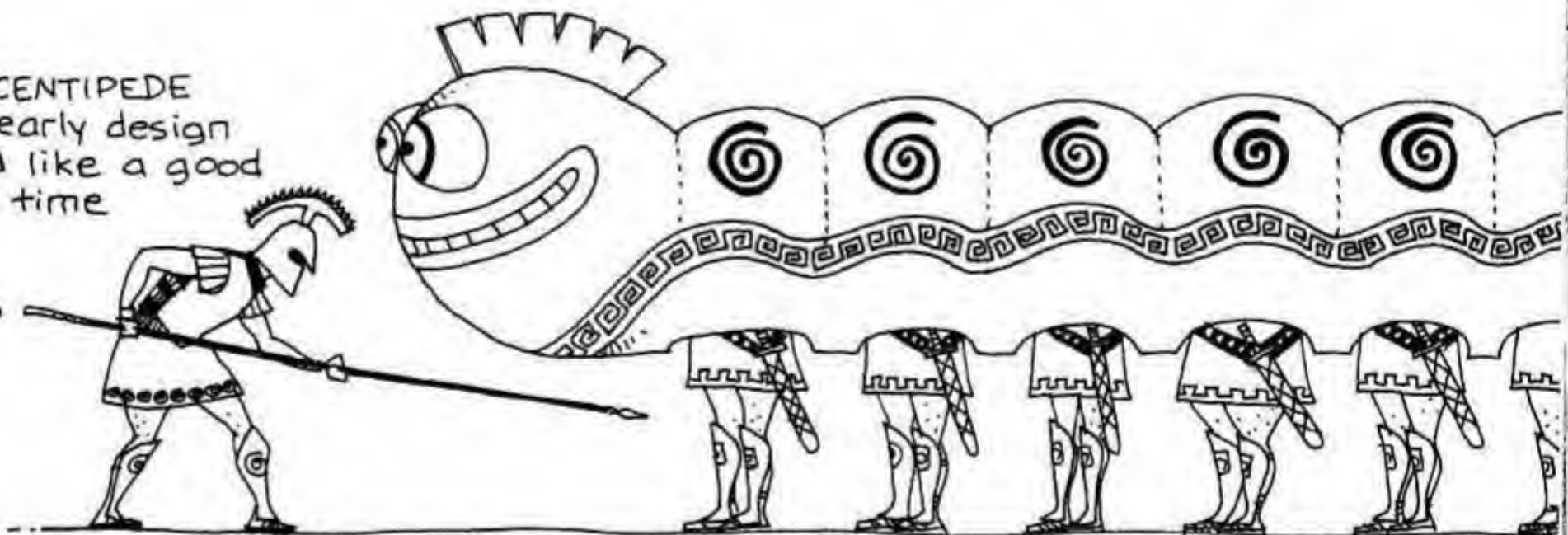
BY TERRY COLON



THE TROJAN COCKROACH

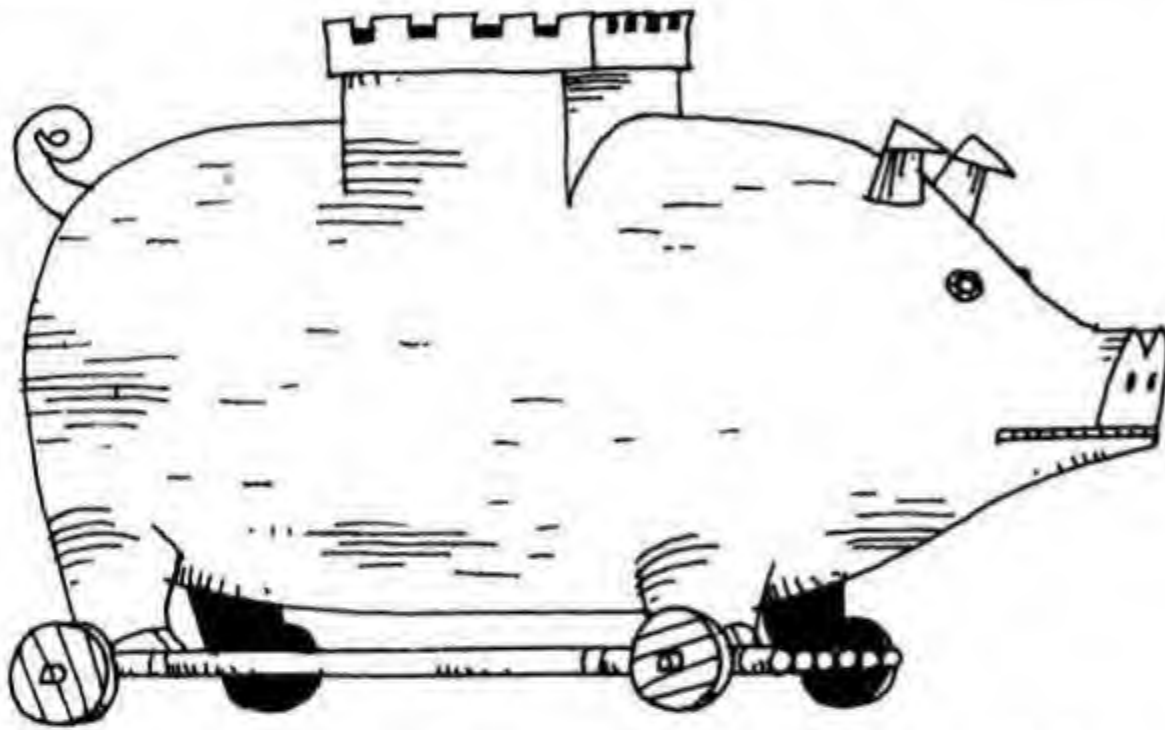
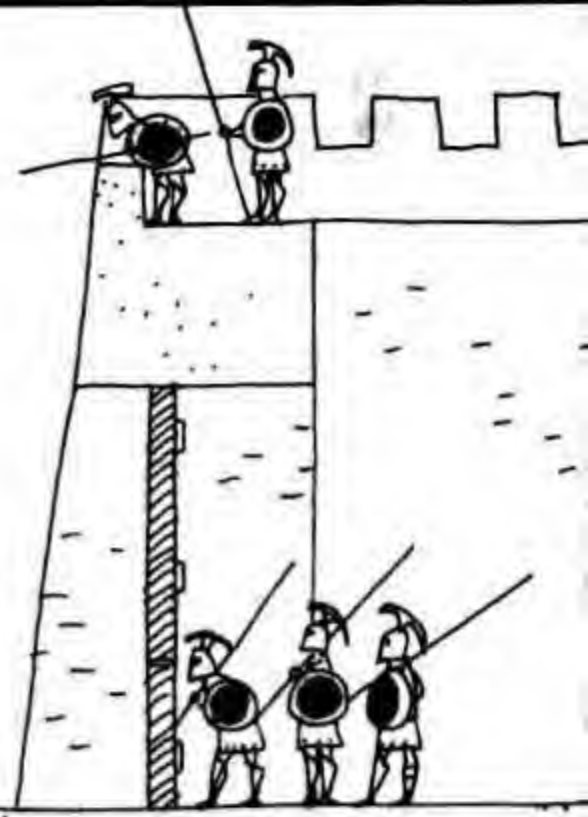
The horse was not the first animal with which the Greeks tried to sneak an army into Troy. In fact their very first idea was this giant insect. Unfortunately, it was easily repulsed by the TROJAN BOOT in its first and only encounter.

THE TROJAN CENTIPEDE was another early design that seemed like a good idea at the time but fooled absolutely nobody as to its covert intent.

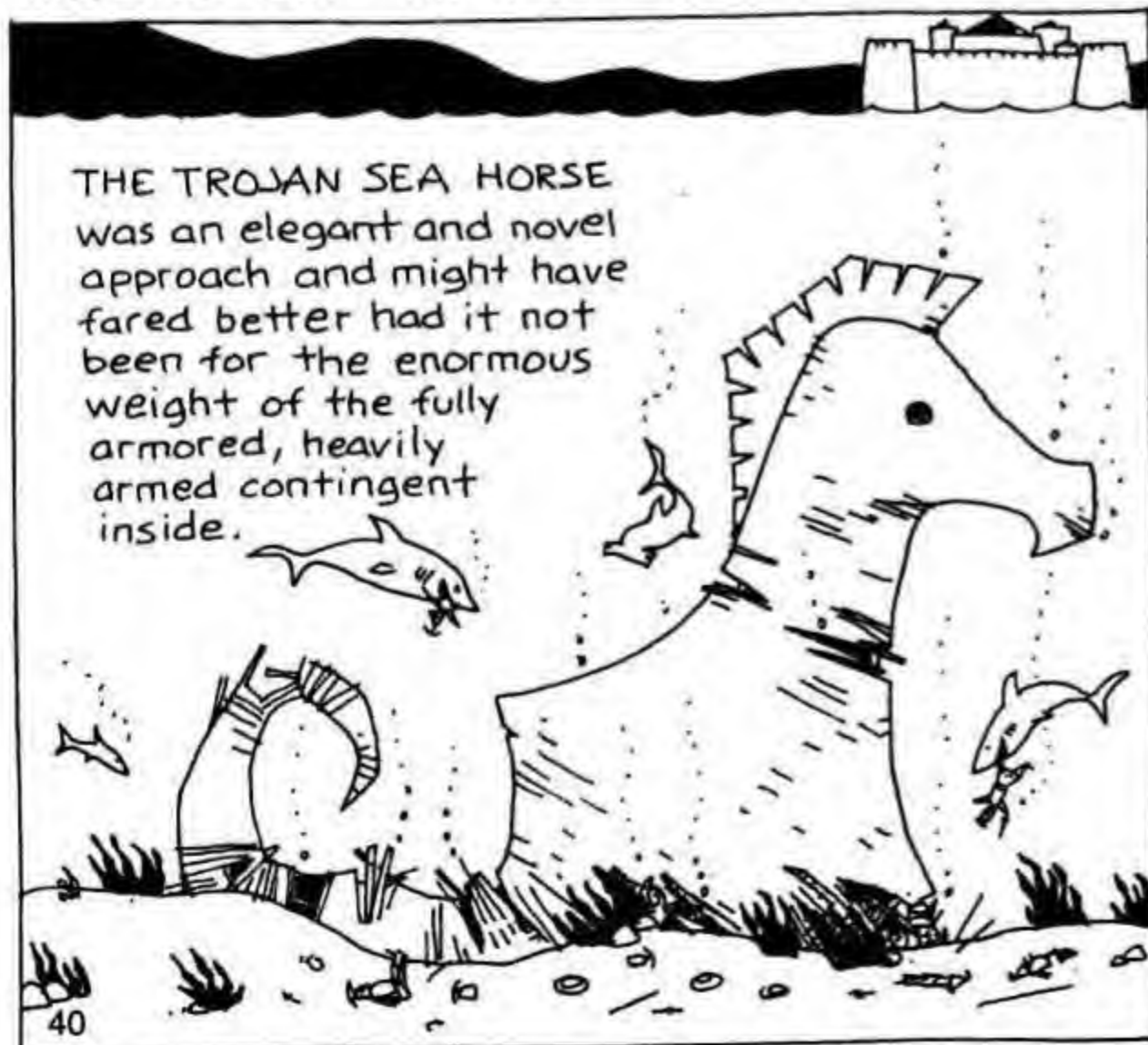


THE TROJAN WIENER DOG. Because the obviously limited interior space caused the troops inside to cramp up severely, once they emerged they were easily overcome by a surprised but fully erect foe.

THE TROJAN HORS D'OEUVRES
At some point an equine design was suggested. But because of a poor translation of 'horse' into French the Parisian builders mistakenly concocted this giant cocktail weenie. This design proved an unmitigated disaster as Trojan troops, delirious from starvation due to the long siege, tried to roast it over an open fire.



THE TROJAN PIG had room enough for a full complement of troops but was nonetheless returned with regrets because of a little-known historical fact - the Trojans were kosher.



THE TROJAN SEA HORSE was an elegant and novel approach and might have fared better had it not been for the enormous weight of the fully armored, heavily armed contingent inside.

Early warning poison gas detector (canary)

Emergency spare toilet paper/distress dispatch scroll

Hydraulic human byproduct evacuation system

\$8,000 stainless bronze toilet seat

Handicap accessible chemical toilet



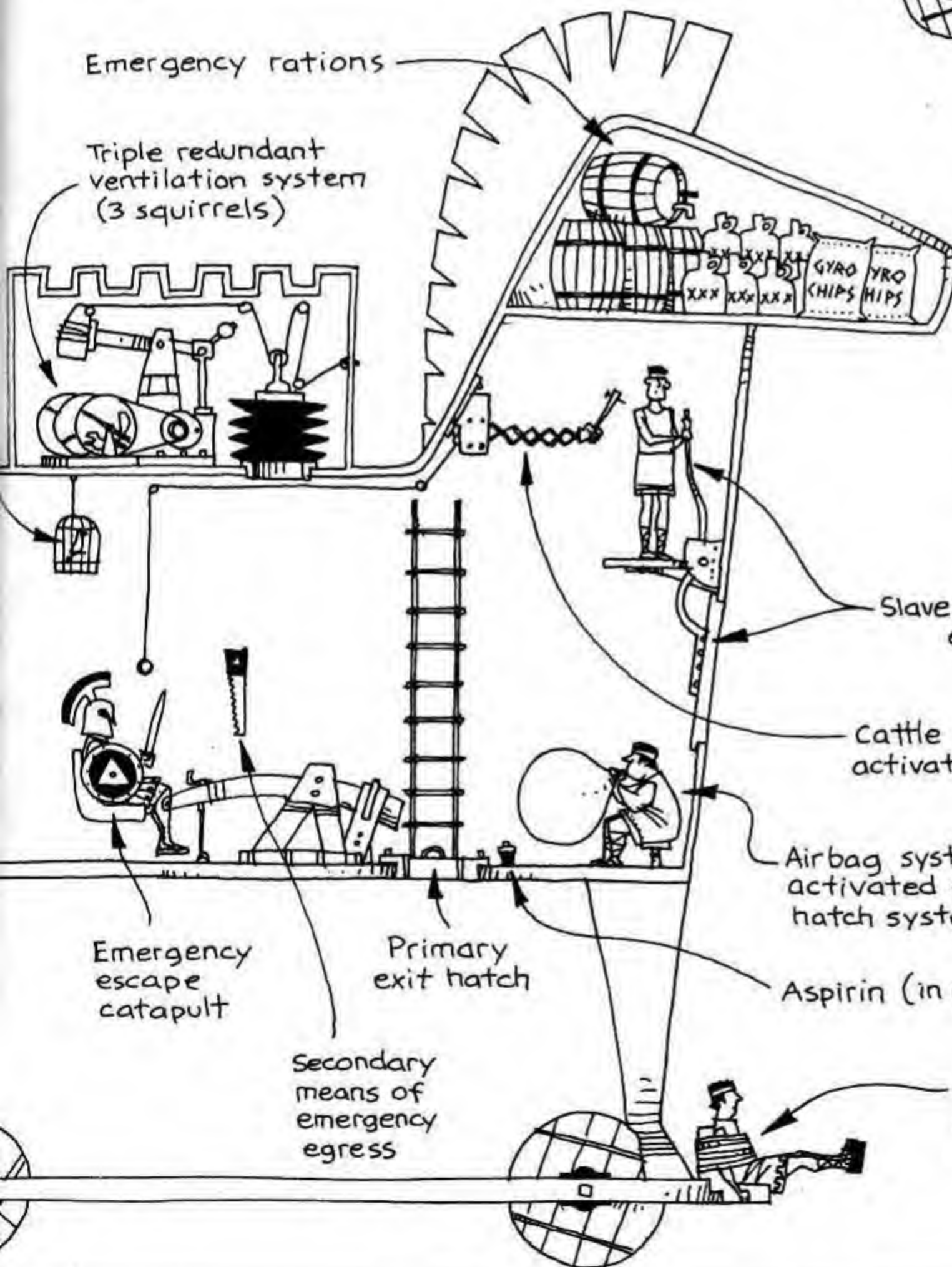


THE SICILIAN HORSE was designed by Leonardo "Mad Dog" DaVinci and built by Michelangelo "The Bull" Buonarroti at the Corleone family workshop in Palermo. It was thought such a gift was an offer the Trojans couldn't refuse.



Emergency rations

Triple redundant ventilation system (3 squirrels)



THE B-1 MODEL TROJAN HORSE was designed to meet the specifications of 37 different Kings, Princes, Warlords and Potentates. It was so expensive to produce there was only enough treasure left to hire a single mercenary who, though armed to the teeth and well supplied, proved inadequate for the task at hand.

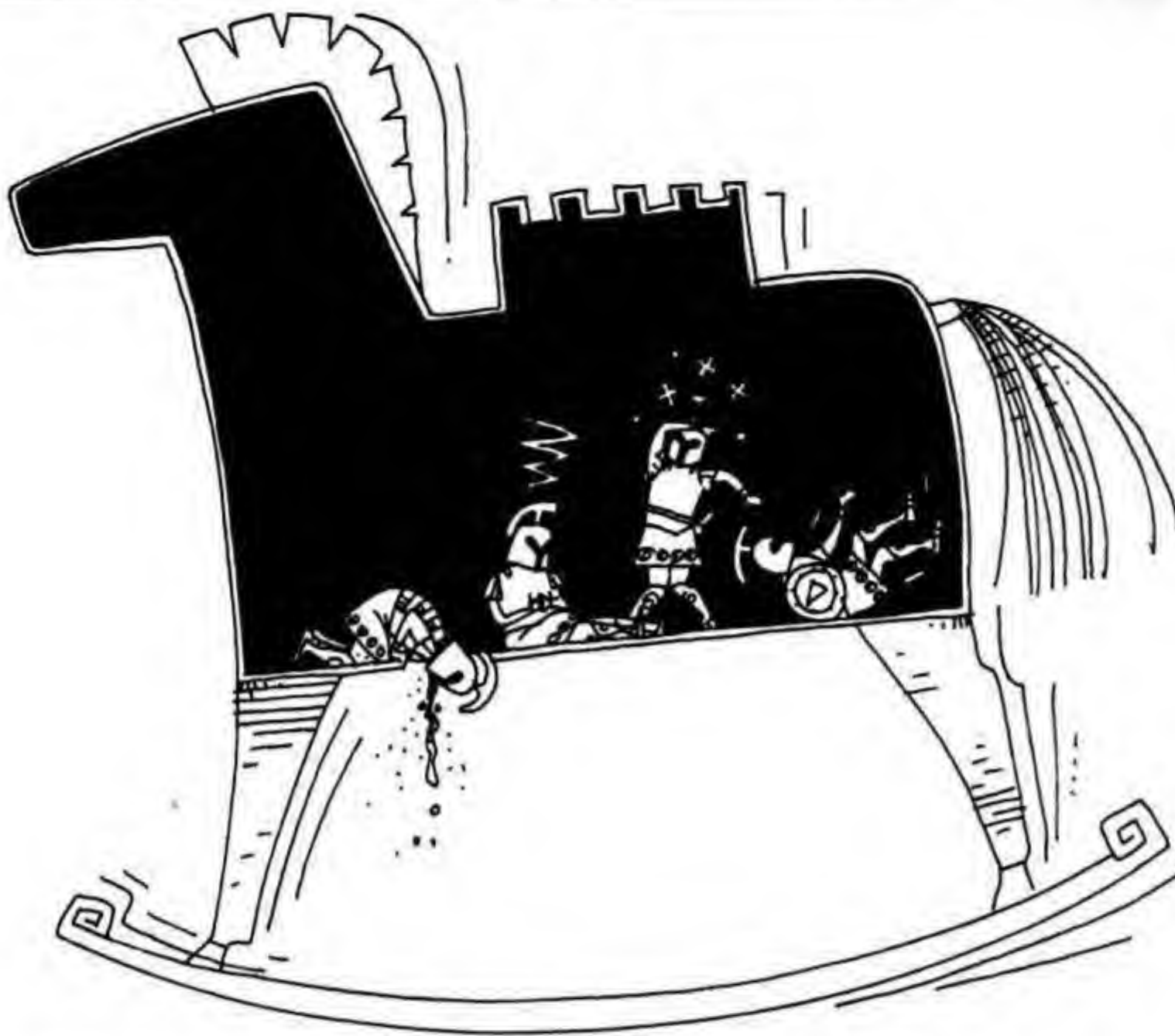
Slave activated emergency escape hatch

Cattle prod to activate slave activated emergency escape hatch

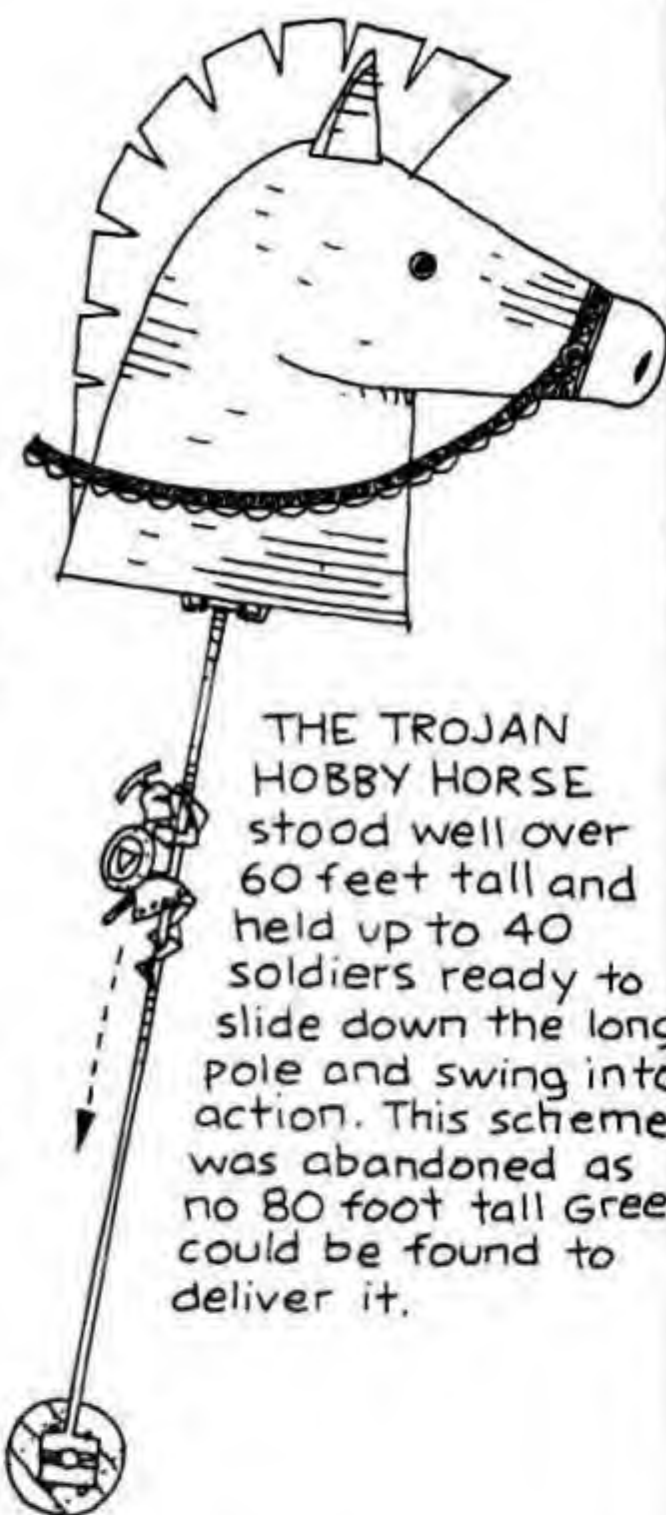
Airbag system (in case slave activated emergency escape hatch system fails)

Aspirin (in case all of the above fail)

Front and rear 5 mph bumpers (slaves with rubber soled sandals)



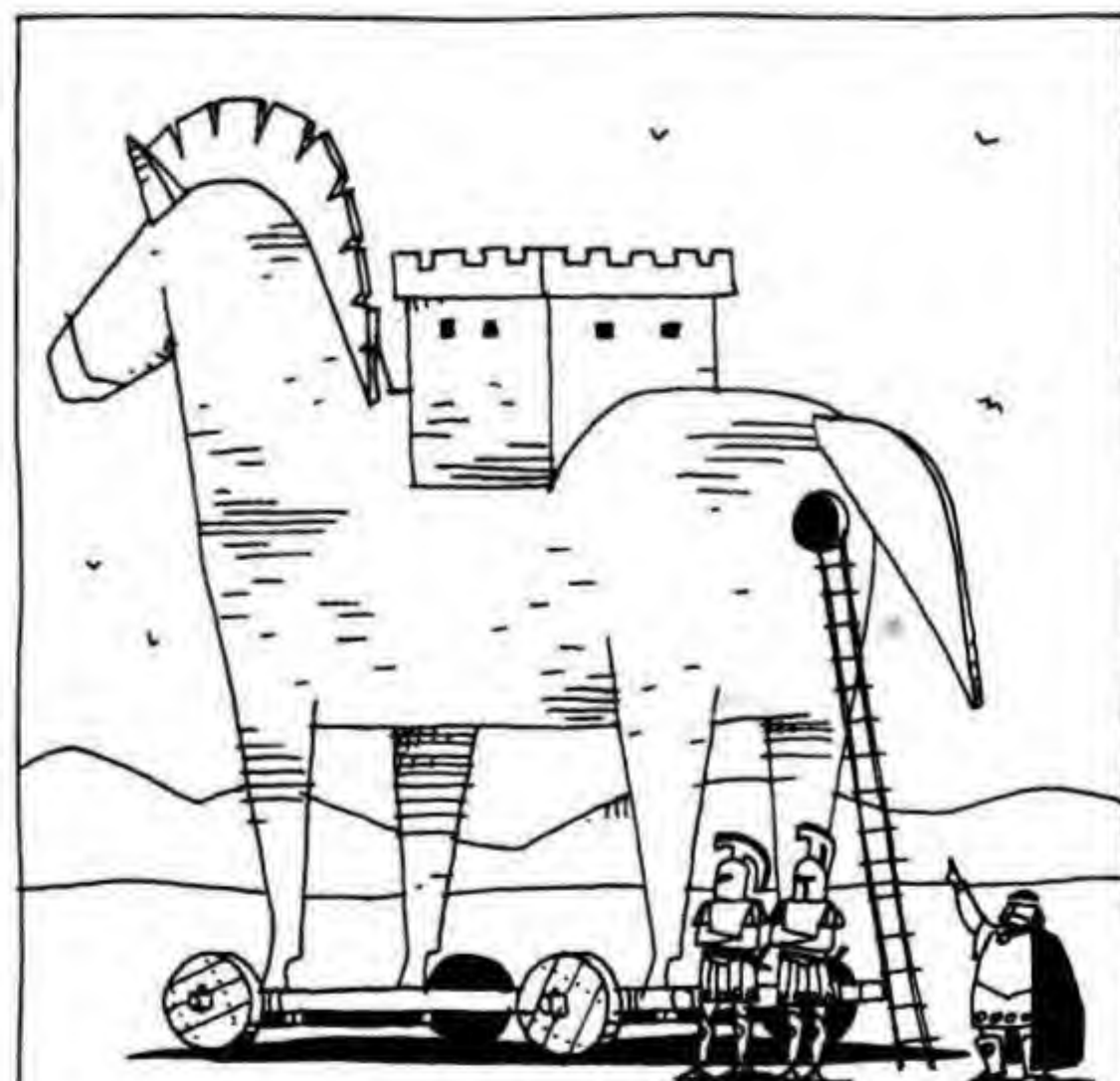
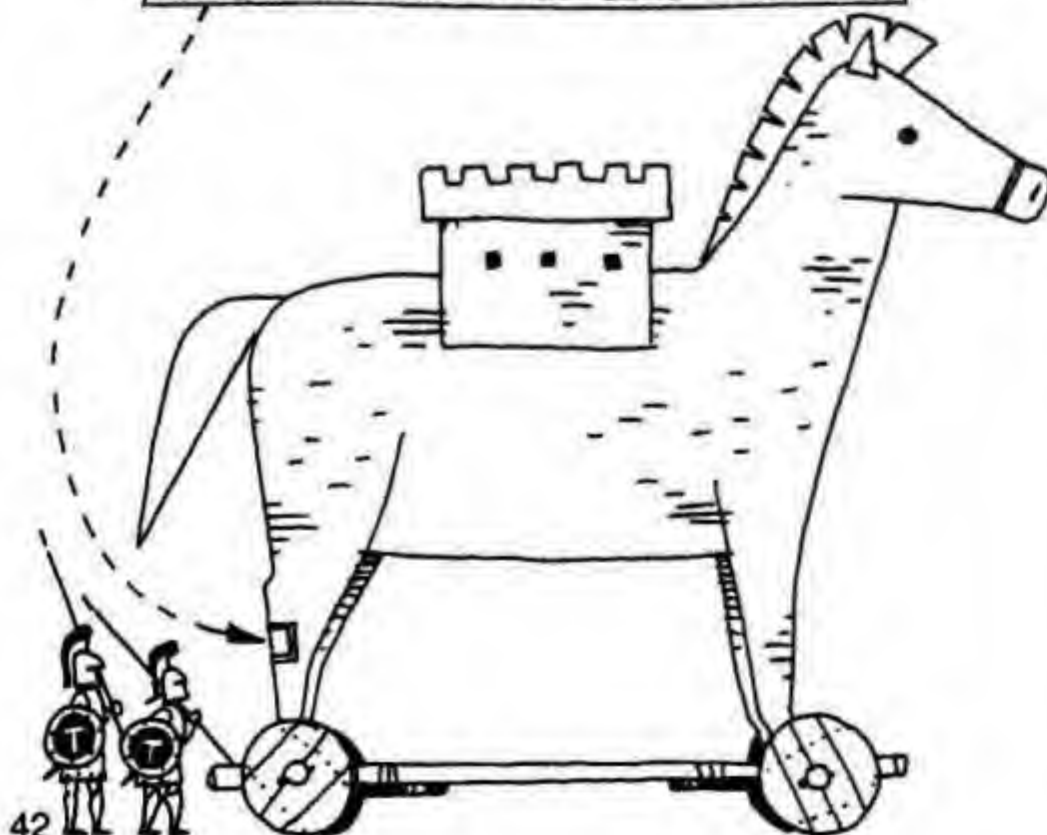
THE TROJAN ROCKING HORSE was an unqualified failure as the troops inside suffered from motion sickness and were to a man unfit to fight.



THE TROJAN HOBBY HORSE stood well over 60 feet tall and held up to 40 soldiers ready to slide down the long pole and swing into action. This scheme was abandoned as no 80 foot tall Greek could be found to deliver it.

This government mandated truth-in-packaging sticker was decidedly ill-advised.

CONTENTS: 40 swordsmen,
30 lancers, 25 bowmen,
4 sergeants, 1 captain,
2 lieutenants.



This design seemed to have solved every problem, that is until the troops saw the entry hatch location and refused to embark.

Didja ever notice that seemingly normal guys running for President suddenly go bonkers when they take office? Perhaps there is something in the water at the White House or maybe it's the jelly beans in the Oval Office. Anyway, in the latest hit thriller, the occupant of the Oval Office, just like his real life counterpart, is...

CLEARLY A PRESIDENT DERANGED

WRITER: TONY FRANK ARTIST: WALLY BROGAN



Rayon, I want that 650 million dollars, it belongs to us. We can put it to good use.

Do you intend to use that money in the war on drugs?

No, for my reelection campaign.

With that kind of bread we can buy our own TV network.

Later. The President with his top advisors.

The drug cartel represents a clear and present danger to the U.S. By God, we have to take some action! I promised the American people I would do something about the drug problem.

You have, sir. You appointed more committees to investigate the drug problem than any other president in history.

And don't forget about the great Drugs Suck TV commercials.

They were cool, heh heh.

We have to do more. I'm suggesting an illegal covert action against the drug cartel. But don't tell me about it.

Yes sir, you want to protect the presidency.

No, I want to protect my ass in case you guys screw it up.

Bogota, Colombia.

Señor Excremento, I am your lawyer and you pay me for my advice. You can't go around killing friends of the presidente de los Estados Unidos.

Eet's a free country, I keel wh I want. And eef that machine strikes me out one more time I weel keel you. You advised me to buy eet. You should have hired one of those Met pitchers that are on strike. Anybody can hit them.

Washington, D.C., Walter Reed Hospital.

Jock, I have some bad news, I'm dying.

That's a relief, I was afraid you were caught violating the Honor Code.

Jock, I want you to take over for me.

You want me to die instead of you?

No, to take my job. And Jock, watch your back.

I do, sir. I wash my back and behind my ears every night.

CIA Headquarters, Langley, VA.

I'm appointing Jock Rayon Acting Deputy Director of the CIA.

Rayon? I can't believe it, he's such a Boy Scout.

Sorry I'm late, I had to help an old lady cross the street.

Somewhere in Panama.

Mr. Lark, the President wants retribution against the drug cartel. You can have anything you need in way of weapons, materiel and man power.

I'll need a group of Special Forces, all Hispanics.

I don't know. If word ever leaked out, we would be in trouble.

Since when did illegal operations bother you guys?

It's not that. Your team isn't politically correct. There are no Native Americans, African-Americans, Eskimo-Americans...

Washington, D.C., The U.S. Senate.

Mr. Rayon, you are asking for financial aid to assist the Colombians in their struggle against the drug cartel. Will any of this money be used for weapons or covert operations?

No, Senator, we are just giving the Colombians advice and supplies.

How do I know you're telling me the truth?

Would the head of the CIA lie?

Good job of camouflage, Sgt., I thought you were a tree.

So does this dog. Get outta here, you mutt!

WORKER'S PROCESSING DRUGS DEPT.

Open fire!

Damn bird, build a nest somewhere else.

You feehty peeegs weel pay for thees!

Bogota, Colombia. A few days later.

BIAM!
BAMBIAM!

ZZIPPP



Gosh, what a welcome, fireworks and a motorcycle escort.



Those aren't fireworks, you idiot, and that isn't an escort. They're trying to kill us!



I'm in trouble.

Were you hit?

Worse, we're supposed to cut down on our expense account and I have to put down \$20,000 for a car.

Later...

Here, have a drink.

Cough, gasp, we're not supposed to drink the water here.



In your case I don't think it matters.



We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. The U.S. Ambassador and the head of the FBI were killed in an ambush in Bogota, Colombia.

How dare they! How dare they interrupt the O.J. Simpson trial! Just when it got to the gory stuff. Get me Peter Jennings on the phone!

We received information that all the drug lords will be attending a birthday party for Excremento's son.

That's our target. I want their candles blown out.



Colombia.

Bravo Whiskey, this is Zulu X-ray, over.

Why the hell can't you guys speak English? If you're the plane that's carrying the missile, fire it!

That's a Roger, Bravo Whiskey!



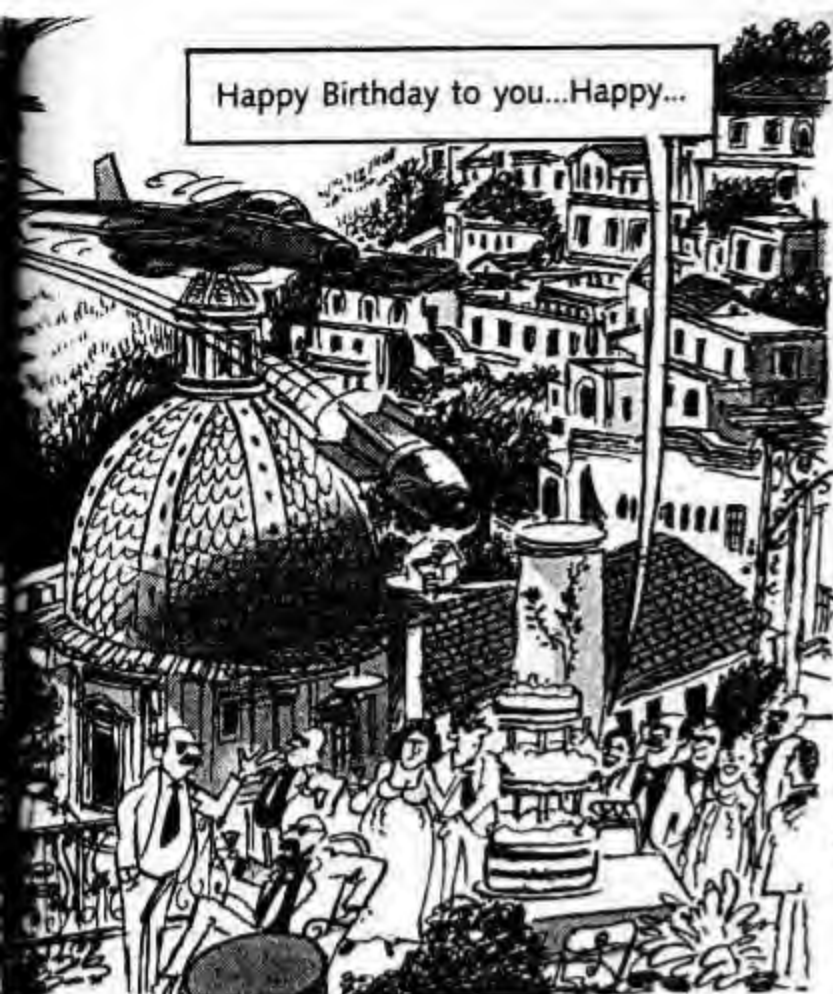
Happy Birthday to you...Happy...

YAHHHHHHHH!!!

Operation Party Pooper was a success, sir.

Good! Were the heads of the cartel terminated?

No, they managed to escape. But we did kill several innocent women and children.



I thought you said it was a success.

It was by CIA standards. Compared to the Bay of Pigs, this was a touchdown.

My administration can't stand anymore of your successes. Read my lips—I want this thing to go away. It never happened.

Right, sir. If anybody asks me, I'll say I can't recall. I don't remember.



Bogota, Colombia.

Here's the deal. I'll take care of the drug lords and be the sole supplier of the drugs Americans crave so much. There will be a shortage so the street price will go up.

I like it, less drugs on the street, no gang wars. It will make the President look good.



I need the location of your troops in Colombia so I can capture them. It will make me a local hero.

You got it. Hell, we lose more guys than that to friendly fire in a training operation.

I also want tickets to the Super Bowl.

You drug lords sure drive a hard bargain.



CIA Headquarters, Langley, VA.

SURPRISE! THE US GOVT. IS BEHIND OPERATION RETRIBUTION

HAVE A NICE DAY DOPE.

SOMEBODY IS ACCESSING YOUR SECRET FILES





Jock, what are you doing?

Uh, I'm playing NBA JAM. I'm going for a slam dunk.

I just stuffed it.

Foul, you hacked me!

serious crime, but not as serious as lying to Congress. You swore that the money wouldn't be used for a covert operation. Do you know what happens to people who lie under oath?

They make a fortune on the lecture circuit and run for the Senate.



Who ordered this operation?

I'll give you a hint, when he enters a room, the band plays Hail to the Chief.

Umm, Michael Jackson? George Steinbrenner? Edward Platt?

No, you schmuck, it's the President of the United States.



Lark, the operation is shut down. Rayon pulled the plug.

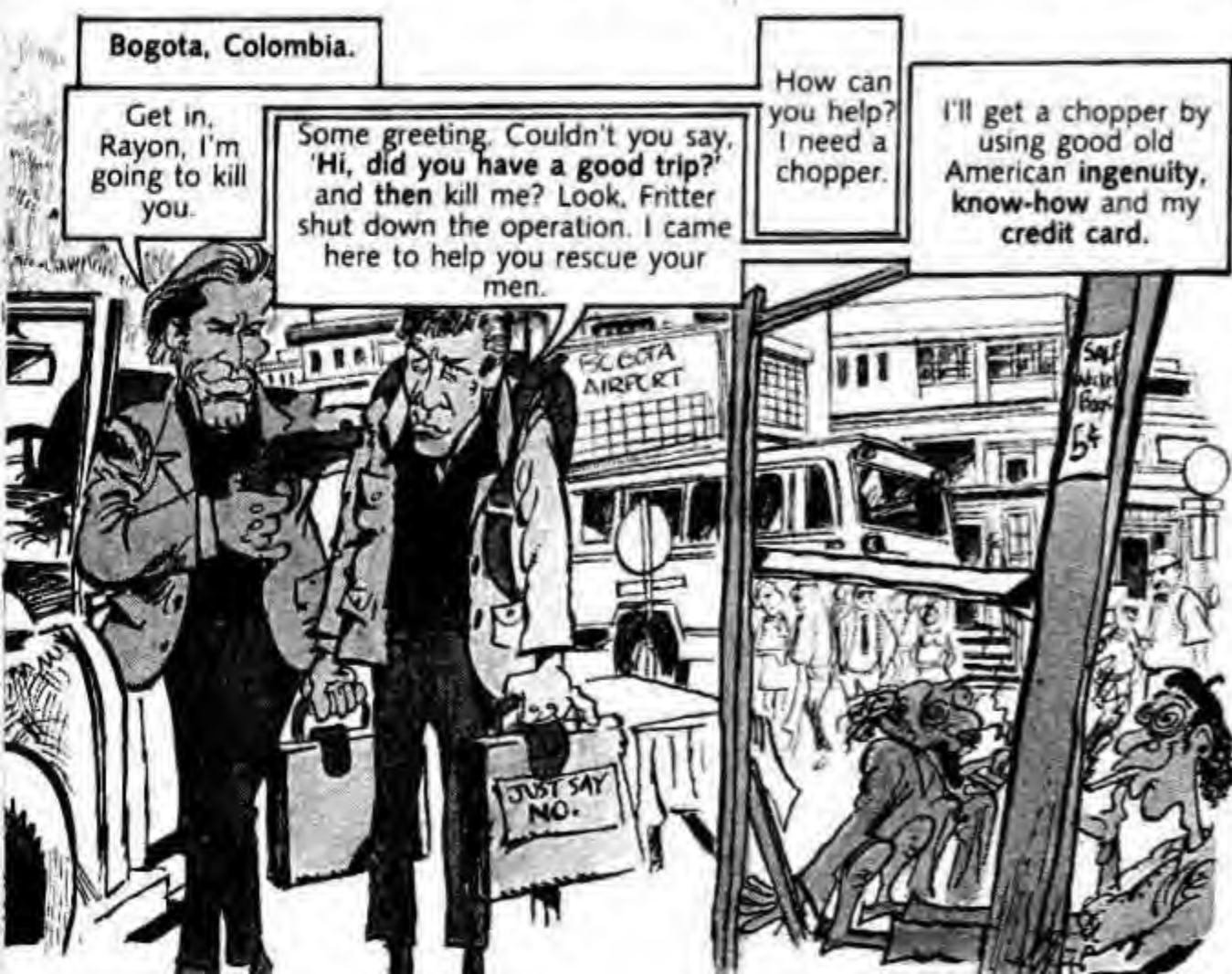
That &*&\$--!! Send in air so I can get my men out.



There is no air, the operation is over. Rayon's orders.

I'll kill him!

Good! The man is a disgrace to the CIA. He honest.



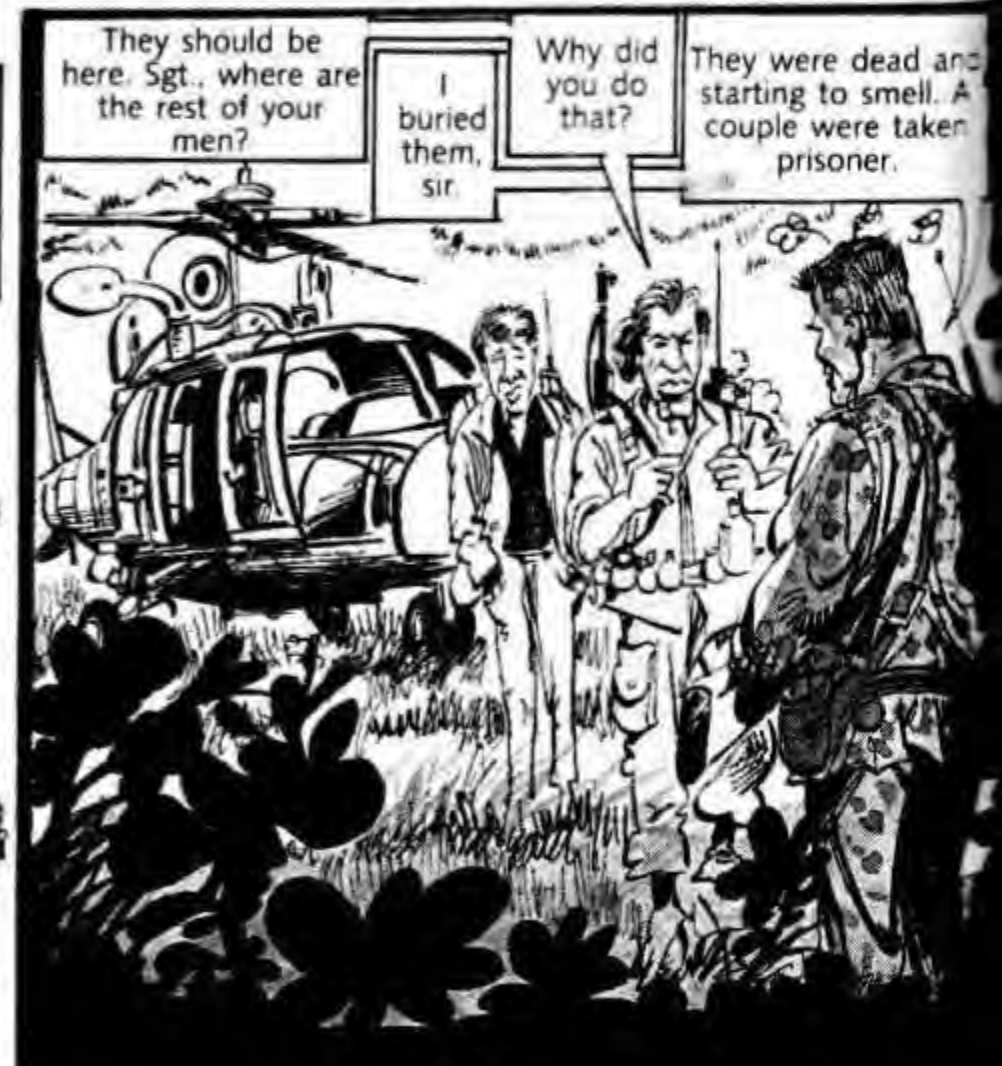
Bogota, Colombia.

Get in, Rayon, I'm going to kill you.

Some greeting. Couldn't you say, 'Hi, did you have a good trip?' and then kill me? Look, Fritter shut down the operation. I came here to help you rescue your men.

How can you help? I need a chopper.

I'll get a chopper by using good old American ingenuity, know-how and my credit card.



They should be here. Sgt., where are the rest of your men?

I buried them, sir.

Why did you do that?

They were dead and starting to smell. A couple were taken prisoner.

Excremento knows where they are. I'll go see him.

How are you going to get into his compound?

Easy, I'll disguise myself as an Avon Lady and ring his bell.

Where's Rambo when you need him?

How did you make out?

Great. He ordered two jars of hand cream and a bottle of cologne.

How about the prisoners?

He said Morte has them.

Come on, guys, we're outta here Rayon, you're OK.

I have a merit badge in Prisoner Rescuing.



LATER



Come on, Rayon, let's go!



I'm coming. Hey, it ain't easy running in these heels.



Washington, D.C. The White House.

Jock, we have to figure out who to blame for this mess.

You mean we have to lie?



How dare you talk to me that way? I'm the President! Look, Jock, you're patriotic. Hell, you're even an Eagle Scout. You know the country can't stand another scandal. Congress is still bogged down in that Whitewater mess and Clinton's been out of office for 4 years.



Sorry, sir, it's my duty to report this to the Congress.



I'll appoint you to the Cabinet, you can put your family on the payroll. You'll get free medical coverage even if congress never passes a health bill. Whenever you want to play golf you can use a government plane, you'll have a chauffeur-driven limo and when you leave the government, you'll get a megabuck job as a lobbyist.



Sorry, sir, I'm sure you know I have a merit badge in Whistle Blowing.



Epilogue: The American people turned President Bunglett out of office and in his place elected a man with a level of intelligence the average citizen could relate to and identify with.

Being President is like a jar of jelly beans: you never know when your hand will get stuck. This sign belonged to Pres. Truman. I wonder which Buck he meant, Buck Rogers, Buckwheat, Buck shot? It really doesn't matter much 'cause my mamma told me that a buck doesn't go very far these days. Maybe that's why it stops here.



THE CRACKED LIST

10 WAYS TO TURN THE PRESIDENT INTO AN AVERAGE JOE

WRITER: T. DILLON ARTIST: AME RIGOLIANO

* GIVE OR TAKE 0

⑨ REPLACE THE BORING ROSE GARDEN WITH A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE



① PROUDLY DISPLAY HIS KILL



⑦ EAT FROM THE SAME CHINA THE REST OF THE COUNTRY EATS FROM



④ LEARN TO DRESS DOWN



⑤ THROW KEG PARTIES ON "AIR FORCE ONE"



② PROUDLY DISPLAY THE FAMILY'S TROPHIES



⑩ ALWAYS LEAVE THE POPULACE LICKING THEIR LIPS



③ TAKING A CUE FROM DISNEYLAND, HAVE FAMOUS WHITE HOUSE CHARACTERS GREET GUESTS



⑧ DURING STATE DINNERS, SERVE GUESTS IN AUTHENTIC AMERICAN FASHION

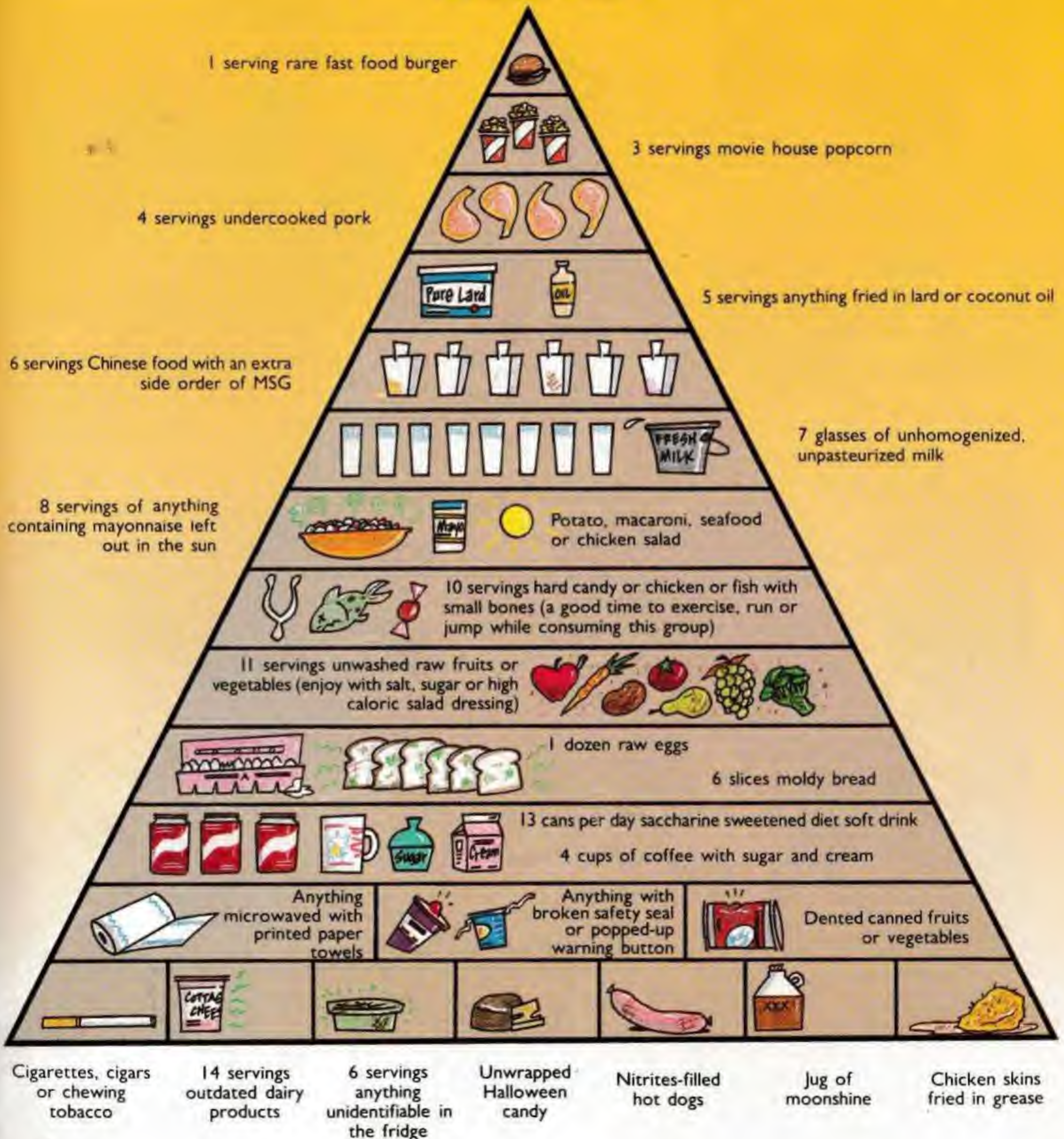


⑥ HIRE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS AS SECRET SERVICE AGENTS



THE CRACKED 'LOSE WEIGHT PERMANENTLY' DIET PYRAMID

Follow this plan daily and you'll soon be a skeleton of your former self!



Frankenstein's Creature

